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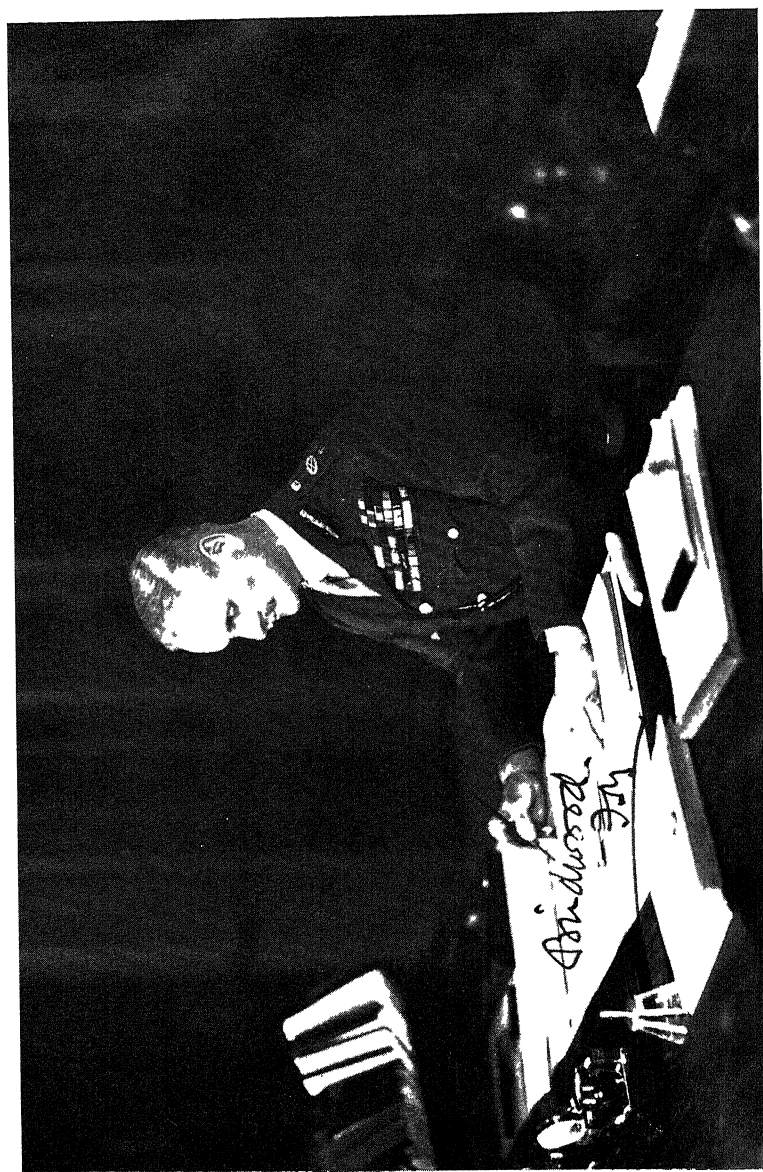


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IN MY TIME

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Field-Marshal Lord Birdwood

IN MY TIME

Recollections and Anecdotes

FIELD-MARSHAL LORD BIRDWOOD OF ANZAC AND TOTNES,
G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., C.I.E., D.S.O.,
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Having spent not far off fifty years of my life in India, it is only natural that I should have absorbed much of the local atmosphere. I remember that the really pious Hindu (and there are many such), if he writes a book, will invariably propitiate his god or gods by commencing with an invocation to Ganesh, the Lord of Obstacles, who must be conciliated in order to ensure a good clear run.

I feel that I may well ask for the indulgence of any of the public who may take up this book, in the hope that it may not prove altogether stupid and uninteresting.

I wish to express my gratitude to Miss Eve Parkinson for the great assistance she has given me in editing and correcting my efforts.

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CHAPTER I

School and Schoolfellows—Great Army Characters Sixty Years Ago: Duke of Connaught, Lord Roberts, General Luck—Subalterns' Life in India in 1884—Colonel Prinsep and His Yarns—Anecdotes of the Day

A FEW YEARS AGO, WITH MUCH HESITATION AND ONLY AFTER CONSTANT urging, I had the temerity to write my biography, since published so excellently by Ward, Lock & Co., with the full determination that this should be my one and only book. Now again, as the result of some of the stories I have mentioned about great men I have been privileged to serve, I am urged to recall and put on paper more details regarding some of them. I do not find this too easy, as memory is a tricky—should I say servant, or master? I cannot say I have a retentive memory of very early years—unlike the distinguished officer who said he remembered being carried by his nurse to his christening. He was pinched by her, and stored the fact up in his memory to report to his mother when he should be old enough to speak!

I have then no recollection of India (where I was born) seeing that I left it as a child so young that to me it could only have been a land flowing with milk and honey. My earliest memories are connected with my grandfather General Christopher Birdwood's home in Bideford, where during the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 he used to express much admiration for Bismarck!

I think I can say the first "big" man I can recollect was Dr. John Percival, the headmaster of Clifton College; and a great headmaster he was. He never lost his north-country accent, and used to amuse us boys by starting the call-over with: "Are we arl heer—who are the absentees?" as if the absentees could reply! He was certainly one of England's really great headmasters, and Clifton can never repay the debt owing to him. It is a source of satisfaction to all old members of the College to be able to visit his lovely tomb under the altar of the chapel.

I well remember being confirmed in the College Chapel by the saintly and dear Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, Bishop

Ellicot. It so happened that the Dean of Bristol was then Elliot and when a stranger once asked him, "Are you the Bishop," he promptly replied, "Oh, no, I am the Bishop without the 'C'."

Among the masters a great character was Dakyns, who when making out his form-lists might place twenty boys equal first—and two more twenty-first and twenty-second respectively. I remember on one occasion a boy talked about "G. Washington," and Dakyns burst out with: "You can no more talk about G. Washington than you can about J. Caesar or J. Christ."

Douglas Haig was my schoolfellow in those days, but he was four years older than I was, and four years is almost a generation in schoolboy life. It was not till we met at Sandhurst that I saw much of him, and then too he was a senior from the University, while I was a young junior cadet. I was later to see much of him in India, South Africa and France, and to realise all that his determined character and devotion to duty were to mean through many difficult days. He was at times curiously inarticulate, and found difficulty in making himself clear. Sir William Robertson, when Chief-of-Staff to Sir John French, comparatively early in the last war, told me what some of his difficulties were. "After Sir John had expressed his intentions, he asked his two Army Commanders, Haig and Smith-Dorrien, for their views. The latter gave his very distinctly, but we could not make out what Haig was after. Next day we got both in writing, when Haig's views were very clear; but I'm damned if we knew what Horace was after!"

But S.-D. was a real fine soldier, and certainly should have been a Field-Marshal, long before he met his death in an unfortunate driving accident.

Among other appointments, French was Colonel of the Royal Irish, a position once held by that very distinguished soldier Wolseley. A story told by one of the men of this regiment was, that during a great review by Queen Victoria, the Queen, who had the Prince Consort beside her, suddenly nudged her husband in the ribs, saying: "Wake up, Albert, ye devil! here's the Royal Irish coming!" It is certainly a great grief to all us old soldiers that no longer can that gallant regiment honour itself by lowering its colours in salute to our Sovereign.

The great figure in the Army when I first joined it, over sixty years ago, was "the Duke," as he was always known—George,

Duke of Cambridge—born the same year as Queen Victoria, of whom he was a first cousin. He had for years been entirely devoted to the Army, in which he was, as I say, always “the Duke,” or perhaps “George Ranger,” for as Ranger of Hyde Park, he signed all notices there as “George Ranger.” I first met him when I was a Sandhurst cadet and he inspected us. I happened to be the only one who could run at and climb the great mast which ran up to a high skylight above the roof, and then come down head foremost, with feet holding on round the mast. It looked break-neck, but was quite easy. The Duke, who looked up open-mouthed, patted me on the back when I came down, saying: “I wish I could do that.” Later, while inspecting sketches, etc., he was much amused when asking a nervous cadet how he had done his, to get the reply: “With a royal compass, your Prismatic Highness.” At a big field day, when the pow-wow took place, he began: “Gentlemen, I have been horrified and disgusted by what I have seen to-day—the officers of one regiment, and a very distinguished regiment too, have come on to parade with puggarees round their legs!” A discreet staff officer whispered: “I think Your Royal Highness means puttees,” but the Duke went on: “They may be puttees or they may be puggarees, but I will not have them.”

The regiment concerned was the H.L.I., which had lately returned from India, and we all had thought the mounted officers looked very well, wearing dark blue puttees with their tartan pantaloons.

The time came when the old Duke had to make way for a younger and very up-to-date man—Wolseley. The Duke hated going; but what seemed to hurt him most was that at the same time Dr. Temple, who was the same age, was made Archbishop of Canterbury, and in expressive language the Duke gave vent to his feelings!

A very old story of the days when the Duke was a young man has always amused me. The Emperor Napoleon III and the then Czar were in England staying at Buckingham Palace. The former, who had long been in England, evading the police, one day quietly took the Czar for a walk, but lost his way—meeting a workman, he asked his way to the Palace, to be told, and at the same time asked—“but what do you want at Buckingham

Palace?" The Emperor replied "Oh, we are stopping there." "Oh, you are, are you, and who are you." The Emperor said he was the Emperor of France, and his friend the Emperor of Russia, and added, "Now we have told you who we are—who are you?"—to receive immediate reply, "Oh, I be the Emperor of China, I be!!!" He wasn't going to be beaten by two other common Emperors!

Lord Roberts (then Sir Frederick) I first met when he was C.-in-C. in Madras, and from time to time he inspected us at Bangalore, where he was always heartily welcomed by the 12th Lancers, which I had joined in 1885. He was then a keen rifle shot, and to encourage shooting he and his staff used to challenge teams of officers in various units, generally for simultaneous matches. I now forget the results of our match. The Resident in Mysore, Sir James Lyall, had been an old friend of his, and when later on Sir James became Lieut.-Governor in the Punjab I was with him from time to time, acting as A.D.C. and enjoyed seeing a good deal of the Chief and his family. To know Lord Roberts was to become devoted to him, and there can seldom have been a better-loved man in India. The Army greatly regretted when the inevitable time arrived, and he had to say good-bye to the country he had served so well. His last big parade was when he inspected and said farewell to General Luck's two cavalry divisions at the Muridki camp, making us a most impressive and very human speech. I was again to be privileged to serve on his staff in 1900 in South Africa, but unfortunately only for a short time, before he left that country and when Buller's Natal Army was broken up, and I joined Kitchener's Staff.

When in 1914 Indian troops arrived in France, Lord Roberts was appointed "Honorary Colonel-in-Chief." He was then eighty-two years of age, but he at once went over to France to be with them. Alas! to the deep regret of the whole Army, he contracted pneumonia, and passed away, as he would probably have wished, within sound of the guns, which might be said to pay a final salute on the field of battle to the gallant soldier and great Christian gentleman.

Like all other Englishmen, Roberts had no *real* idea or information as to what caused the Indian Mutiny in '57 or who were the big men behind it. India has a wonderful way of wrapping up such secrets. After he had left India, he wrote to me saying

he was very anxious to find out about this, and thought there was still one man alive at Benares who might be able to give the information. He asked me to get in touch with him. I much wish I could have done so; but Lord Roberts' letter came too late; the Hindu gentleman to whom he referred had already passed away.

It is curious how small details will cling to one's memory. One concerning Lord Roberts is of a fancy dress dance some fifty-five years ago. A party of us from Barnes Court (the Lieut.-Governor's residence) all went to the dance wearing *burkhas*, the cloaks worn by Muhammedan women, entirely covering the whole person, leaving only slits for the eyes. Sir Frederick (as he then was) discovered that we came from Barnes Court, but he had no idea of our identities. He came to me and asked if he might have a dance! In high falsetto, I said he might, and away we went. At the close, I said: "You haven't discovered who I am!" "No," said he, "I only know you are one of the ladies from Barnes Court!"

What it was to be young; and somehow I feel that life for young people in those days was more carefree than it is now. We could thoroughly enjoy ourselves without thought of the morrow. Not that Roberts was then young, but I was; a very junior cavalry subaltern, free of care, with the world before me.

A more amusing episode is related of that same dance. An elderly civilian had asked a veiled lady for a waltz, and sitting out with her afterwards, said: "Do give me a kiss!" to receive the demure reply: "Of course, *father!*"

General Luck, whom I have mentioned, was a great cavalry leader, who did a very great deal for all the cavalry in India. He was, however, a bit too strenuous for some of the more elderly officers, one of whom christened his cavalry camps as "Camps of the Roaring Luck."

It is of interest to be able to look back over the sixty years that have passed since I first went to India as a young subaltern, and mark the changes. It is customary and perhaps natural to think and talk of times that are past as "the good old days," but there are always many cons as well as pros' concerning them. From the ordinary soldier's point of view, they were certainly far easier

and pleasanter, with leisure for sport or to indulge in any particular work or occupation a young officer might wish. Such leisure was of real value if it gave one (as it did me) opportunities of getting to know the country and the people by visiting one's men in their villages, holding discussion with village elders, and really entering into their lives, thoughts and aspirations. In my early days we had no electric light or fans—no gas—no ice—no cinemas and no motor-cars. I'm not at all sure we may not regard the advent of the motor-car as a curse! It may seem strange to say this: but I carry my mind back to the time when we regimental officers and Civil officials rode round our districts, staying in villages, getting to know and to be trusted by the people. We all seemed to have the time then. Has the rapidly-moving car given the cue to all our present thoughts, manners and actions, urging us ever to move at the fastest possible pace, with no time for anything else? Instead of the leisurely visit to the Indian village, the officer seems now only to have time to rush through it, feeling perhaps that every minute away from his paper-logged office is time wasted!

Perhaps the Chinese coolie's first impression of a motor was not inapt—"No shov-ee—no push-ee, smell awful—go like hell-o."

Another change since my early days is perhaps even more regrettable. As a young officer I marched with my regiment the whole way from Central India to the N.W. Frontier, the march taking some three months. Our Sillidar Cavalry system allowed us to do this with no cost to the State. Each of us officers would have his single 60 lb. tent and his own transport. Every two men of the Sillidar Cavalry had a tent, a baggage animal and a syce between them, and of course each had his own horse. The day's march and stables over, sport was generally available; any village near by would be visited; cricket, football or hockey matches arranged. It will be seen what an excellent general effect this must have had, while it gave officers many really valuable opportunities of getting to know the people, their customs and language, in a way which years of life in cantonments would never bring. Alas! that is now all over, for the whole Indian Cavalry has been motorised. That great link between officers and men—the horse—has gone, and it is hard to say if the officers of the Indian Cavalry of the future will be able to play polo and enjoy

such sport as we did. Regiments no longer march on relief between stations, as the railway is cheaper. There is no Sillidar Cavalry to pay its own expenses!

I have always delighted in being able to look back to the fact that when I first joined the XI Bengal Lancers, nearly all the senior Indian officers and N.C.O.s were Mutiny veterans. Prinsep, the Colonel, was the only British officer with the same experience, and a grand old character he was! Somehow I feel we can never see again quite the same type of officer as the old Army used to produce. I think the reason for this is, that life in those days being much freer, communication with authorities was often very difficult, and young officers had to depend very much on themselves—an excellent thing.

Prinsep, whom I have mentioned, was one of those "characters" we do not seem to produce now. As a Sillidar Colonel he was inclined to regard the regiment as his personal property, and himself as the father of a great family. Drill books, or formal drill movements, meant little to him—his one idea seemed to be to see his regiment always able to go anywhere at a gallop. I well remember, when I was his adjutant, we received official orders to drill a great deal by signals of the arm or sword, rather than by word of command. Prinsep would have none of this, and when an inspecting General asked him to drill the regiment by signals, he at once said he would rather show him how the men could charge—turned to his trumpeter and gave the order "Sound the Gallop." The regiment at once swept over the country, driving the General and his staff off, and we heard no more, for the moment, of drilling by signals! But not all C.O.s could carry it off like that. The "character" was the result, probably, of those early days of "Irregular" regiments. Prinsep was a pre-Mutiny man; indeed, he was wounded by the mutineers when his regiment rose. Some of his yarns are worth recording.

One was of a young officer who had a small air-gun, firing mud pellets, for use against small birds. Seeing a man stooping over his work in a field, he very stupidly took a pot-shot at his posterior. At that second the man turned round; the pellet entered his eye, and killed him. The officer was tried for manslaughter, and imprisoned in an Indian jail, which in those days must have been a horrible place. Realising what the sufferings of such a man must be in the Indian hot weather, influential friends

at home arranged that he should be transferred to a prison in England. Shortly after this arrangement had been carried out, some clever lawyer came along, and advised that the Government of India (at that time) had no power thus to keep a man in jail in this country, on such a sentence. Habeas Corpus was at once invoked; the officer was released, and the clever lawyer further advised that Government was liable in heavy damages for wrongful imprisonment. These apparently were obtained! Poor Government of India!

In those days, every regiment had its own Paymaster, who kept all moneys in the regimental pay-chest; but the Commanding Officer was, of course, liable if anything should be missed. One day, a friend came to the colonel and told him the Paymaster had been playing for very high stakes at the Club, and losing heavily. A foolish man would probably have demanded an immediate count of the pay-chest, and would himself have been liable for the deficiency, if any. The Colonel, however, was a wise man, and when he saw the Paymaster next day, said merely: "Oh, by the way, I haven't counted the cash in the treasure-chest lately. I'll do it to-morrow." The Paymaster, who at first gave a jump, said: "Certainly." He then went off to an Indian moneylender, and at a very high rate of interest, borrowed the large sum necessary to show his balance as correct—and that only for twenty-four hours, for it was to be returned to the usurer after the Colonel's inspection.

This duly took place, and the Colonel professing himself quite satisfied, locked up the treasure-chest. Then, putting the key in his pocket, said: "Thank you, in future I will keep the key." The poor Paymaster bolted, and was not seen again. The still poorer usurer must have lost both capital and interest; but doubtless he soon made up both by extortionate demands elsewhere.

In Indian regiments the men had to buy their own rations, which were calculated to cost a certain amount at prices regulated by the civil authorities. If prices went up beyond the amount recognised as correct, the men drew compensation for the difference between actual and standard prices. Moreover, many articles, such as rice might be of two qualities, at different rates. A distinguished V.C. Colonel had regularly signed certificates to the effect that his men consumed first-class rice, and the higher rate of compensation had been drawn. But on a new C.O. coming to the

regiment, he found that in fact the men were eating second-class rice, and he refused to sign the certificate for first-class. This, of course, involved a reduction in the amount drawn by each man; small, but it meant a good deal to them. The regiment nearly mutinied: a Court of Enquiry was held, and the ex-C.O. was recalled from England to be tried by court-martial for having signed false certificates. The court being assembled, he was asked the usual question: "Have you any objection to being tried by me or one or any of the officers forming this court?" His reply was startling.

"Yes: I object to every one of you, for I am prepared to prove that during your service every one has committed exactly the same offence as that with which I am charged!"

Sensation in Court. Colonel was called upon to explain, which he did, asking first the President and then the other members:

"When you arrived in India to join your regiment, were you given a railway warrant on which were the words 'I certify I have received the accommodation as stated above'? Had you in fact then received any such accommodation?"

The answer was invariably, "No, the journey had not begun."

"Again, when claiming your pay at the end of each month, did you sign a certificate: 'I have received the amount of pay for the month . . . as stated above'? Had you at that time received any pay, as you stated?"

Again the answer could be nothing but "No."

"Gentlemen, I have no more to say. I have proved my case."

I understand that the whole proceedings were quashed, and the good Colonel returned to England.

Lord Roberts once told me how, when in England, he quite enjoyed a drive on the top of a bus, and especially with his old comrade, whom he succeeded as C.-in-C. in India, Sir Donald Stewart. It is nice to think of those two grand old soldiers appreciating a bus drive through London. I confess I too used quite to enjoy this; but—and it is a big but—those were the days of the old horse buses, when even listening to the bus driver might be quite an education in the English language. They were a class

of their own. But some apparently do not enjoy such drives, for it may be remembered that a good woman took her small boy on one for a treat, only to be asked shortly: "I say, muvver, ain't we ever going to get off this 'ere bloody bus?" Mama, naturally horrified at the language used by her offspring, turned on him with: "Look here, my boy—how many times have I told you, you are never to use that disgusting, that vulgar word *AIN'T*?" To the rest of his conversation she took no exception!

The Judges too had their difficulties with bus cases. A driver in giving evidence, quite nonplussed the Judge by his statement: "I sees the Brompton buffer coming, and he runs his pole into my back, so I took and hooked it on to the pavement." Counsel had to translate: "He saw the Brompton bus approaching, which shortly ran its pole into the back of the witness's omnibus—not into the man's back—so that the witness was compelled to take his departure on to the pavement!"

Perhaps some of the choicest language I ever heard from a driver was on a very cold day, when a passenger sitting beside him asked if he would like a drink, and produced a flask. The driver took a deep draught, only to spit it all out, with a shout of "Poison!" He was not in any way appeased by being assured that it was "only toast-water"!

Rather a contrast to the man hunting in Ireland, who on being offered the hospitality of a friend's flask, had to burst out: "Good God, man, you've given me neat brandy!" only to be told: "Faith, no—it is greatly diluted with rum."

But drivers of public vehicles are often full of humour. I well remember that at the coronation of King George V. after all the streets had been cleared and the crowds were patiently waiting, suddenly a dust-cart drove solemnly up Whitehall. Someone in the crowd clapped, and one of the dustmen took off his hat and bowed! That was quite enough for the ever-good-tempered British crowd, which started cheering and clapping, while the two dustmen drive the whole length of Whitehall, bowing and wreathed in smiles! It was truly British. Another small episode of that day which amused me was when General Smith-Dorrien (then commanding at Aldershot) told me he had that morning received an "Urgent" telegram, which he feared might announce some catastrophe and postponement of the ceremony; but which had

proved to be: "Be sure to see that the tassels of your sash are directly over the stripe on your pantaloons"! Surely almost equally comic! How fortunate it is that when things grow dull, there always seems to be someone on the spot to cheer us up.

CHAPTER II

Lord Dufferin as Viceroy—"Bill" Beresford—Archbishop Temple and His Ways—Viceroy of India Following Lord Dufferin—Curzon v. Kitchener—German Consuls-General: Prince Henry of Prussia

WHEN I FIRST ARRIVED IN INDIA TO JOIN MY REGIMENT, IN 1885, Lord Dufferin was Viceroy. After the annexation of Upper Burma, he added the name of Burma's old capital—Ava—to his title. He was unable to complete his normal tenure as Viceroy, for he had not sufficient service in the Diplomatic Department to qualify for pension, which he naturally wished to do, so he resigned to take over the position of Ambassador in Paris. It would seem strange that regulations with a large "R" should be so inelastic as not to permit such a position as Viceroy—with at least equally responsible duties—to count towards a diplomatic pension. During his term of office, the fine Viceregal Lodge which now exists was built, and he transferred from the very inferior "Peterhoff" which had up to that time been the Viceroy's residence. I remember, in Dufferin's farewell speech on leaving Simla, his saying that he might perhaps not have done much during his Viceroyalty, but at all events he had provided a very suitable and proper residence for his successors—and many years later, Kitchener could have said the same regarding the residences of the Commander-in-Chief at Calcutta and Simla, both of which he converted into very fine and suitable dwellings. Years later still, I feel I can take credit for having followed in his footsteps at New Delhi. A house which I considered quite undesirable had been built for the Chief, and I refused to occupy it. I was told no more money was available to provide anything else. However, an old friend of mine, the present Maharaja of Kashmir, when dining one night with me, mentioned that he much wanted to buy a house in New Delhi, and did not want to have to build one. I told him the history of

my house, and he asked if he could see it. This he did, and on being told there would be no objection to his adding Zenana quarters, he at once bought it at cost price, and I was able to have a new house built on what I regarded as the best site available, and of design which I hope may have proved acceptable to my successors, who I trust may be happy there for many years to come.

Lady Dufferin's name will ever be remembered with much gratitude by the women of India, for the fund which she established and endowed for proper individual medical attention for Indian women. Previously, this had been virtually non-existent. Some years later, Lady Minto established a fund on much the same lines to provide proper nursing centres for British women, who formerly had little or no help in case of sickness.

Dufferin and his successor Lansdowne were served by the same officer as Military Secretary—"Bill" Beresford—a wonderful character, who for years occupied a unique position in India, for he seemed to know everyone. It was perhaps on the turf that he was best known, and his racing friends were numerous. The fortunate drawer of a horse in the Calcutta Derby Lottery invariably received a wire from him almost at once offering often a very large sum for the whole or part of his ticket. Those who at present enjoy their gymkhanas at Annandale hardly realise what they owe to him. Before his time the ground was very small; but Beresford in one way or another raised funds, which were devoted to cutting away the hillside at one end, and throwing all that was excavated over the far end, where the ground fell steeply. In this way a ground large enough for polo, football and cricket, with a small racecourse all round, was made, to the great advantage of Simla.

Bill was a very kind-hearted man, and always ready to help anyone who might be down. He amused us very much on one occasion at a levee, when it was his duty to call the names of all who passed the Viceroy, every man, of course, presenting his card. An unfortunate man who appeared without a card whispered: "Of course you know me well—"but he was horrified to find himself announced as "Gentleman without a card," and bowing to His Excellency in that character. Another story I remember was when Bill took the collection bag round in church, and held it out to a good man noted for his pious works, but who never would attend gymkhanas. On this occasion he passed the

bag without adding to it. Bill in a rather loud aside said: "Zenana, sir—not Gymkhana."

The Simla parson, then Archdeacon Tribe, was a well-known personality, mostly on account of his extraordinary absent-mindedness and consequent liability to say the wrong thing. On asking a lady once how her children were, and being told by the very indignant spinster that she had no children, his remark was: "Are you quite sure? think again." On another occasion, seeing a lady placing flowers on a grave in the cemetery, he said: "The place is filling up nicely." Once when preaching, and it so happened on the day after a gymkhana, he said: "We must all work for our living: St. Paul, we know, had to earn his living by tent-pegging!"

Talking of St. Paul reminds me of a Colonel of that name in one of our very distinguished regiments. Many years ago, when driving home from mess one night in his dogcart, he came on a young officer who had evidently dined not wisely but too well. The Colonel stopped and made the young officer get in. The latter at once asked: "Who are you?" to which the Colonel replied: "You know quite well—I am St. Paul."

There was no more conversation till they got to the end of their journey, when the young man, who had evidently been thinking deeply and remembering the name, came out with: "I say, did you ever get any reply to those letters you wrote to the Ephesians?"

It was the same man, too, who at a very big dinner where he knew hardly anyone, turned to his neighbour and said: "I say, can you tell me who that spotty-faced woman opposite is?" to be answered: "Yes, sir; that is my wife," on which he rejoined: "Thanks awfully—that is all I wanted to know," and then turned to the man on his other side and said: "Didn't I get out of that devilish well!"

Have we the same heroes now? I suppose so; and for the sake of those who are still young, I hope so.

Archdeacon Tribe can by no means be the only parson about whom one hears nice stories. Probably many have heard of that great old Devon man, Archbishop Temple, who had the good fortune to place the crown on the head of King Edward VII. He ever remained a very downright Devonian, and as I am from that lovely county, I have fully appreciated some of the remarks attributed to him, though I cannot vouch for their accuracy. At a

luncheon, a good lady who sat next to the Bishop of Exeter—as he was in those days—never stopped talking for a moment, from the time they sat down, about a certain aunt of hers, and finished up with: “And do you know, my dear Bishop, my aunt was just going to America, but at the last moment was prevented, and the ship in which she was to have sailed was lost with all on board. Was it not a merciful dispensation of Providence that my aunt was not there?”

The Bishop looked at her, and said: “I cannot say, I did not know your aunt!”

On another occasion a certain noble lord with a double title was introduced into the Archbishop’s study as: “Lord Blank and Blank to see Your Grace.” The Archbishop was very busy writing, perhaps finishing his sermon for the next day, and merely said: “Take a chair.” This his visitor did; but being rather annoyed at such treatment, presently said: “I think perhaps you don’t realise who I am—I am Lord Blank and Blank,” on which the Archbishop, without looking up, ejaculated: “Take two chairs.” I never heard how the conversation progressed later on.

Rather a nice story of absent-mindedness of another Bishop of Exeter was when Lord William Cecil was Bishop there and was travelling. His daughter took his ticket and left the station. The ticket collector came along and on asking to see tickets the good Bishop began fumbling for his and to be told not to bother about it as they all knew who he was. The poor man had to say: “Oh, but it does matter for I have completely forgotten where I am going”!

Dufferin was succeeded by Lansdowne, of whom I think one can say he was always entirely correct, courteous and punctual in all he did. I doubt if he was faced with any great difficulties; but certainly he and Lady Lansdowne were always much beloved. As Adjutant of his bodyguard, I saw a good deal of him, and liked him much. To a soldier his invariable punctuality meant a good deal, and in that particular respect he was a contrast to his successor Elgin, whose many excellent qualities did not include punctuality. As Londoners know, the King’s escort goes at a dignified trot when escorting His Majesty, as escorts should do on such occasions; but Elgin would often be late, and in consequence his bodyguard had to travel at no such courtly pace. I always felt that Elgin disliked

the display which surrounds the Viceregal Court; he was far happier when taking a good walk across country, as he probably loved doing in the Highlands. Possibly, as a Scot, he "joked with difficulty," but he was certainly quick. When comments were once made in a local paper on one of his staff not wearing any headdress, he cut the paragraph out and sent it to the offender, with the words: "If the cap fits, wear it."

The very quiet and unostentatious Elgin was followed by the great and magnificent Curzon, a man who did much for India, as from the first he was determined to do. But I feel he hardly got the full credit he deserved, and for this he was himself largely responsible, for he undoubtedly created in India the same impression as at Oxford, where he was described in the lines:

"My name is George Nathaniel Curzon;
I am a most superior purson."

He appeared to regard himself as of different clay to the mere mortals by whom he was surrounded. One felt that those who worked for him did so, not for the love of it, but because they had to. Of him it might be said, as Byron wrote of Napoleon—"He would be all or nothing." Will the future historian be able to bracket Hitler in the same category as regards personal ambition and feelings? And if we can thus associate an individual with a nation in this respect, surely we can feel that the inevitable downfall of Japan is due to the fact that she refused to be satisfied with what she had taken from China in previous wars—Port Arthur, Korea, Formosa, etc., but felt confident she could and would dominate Asia—or, at least, Eastern Asia.

But Curzon certainly was a great man, who ever strove to do everything possible to safeguard and enhance the interests of our country. In addition to his extensive official work, he will leave his name honoured in India for all he did to ensure the preservation of many of her beautiful, historical buildings and monuments. Many of these, which badly required attention, he caused to be carefully restored, and thanks to his great historical knowledge, the work was done with accuracy and in harmony with the surroundings.

His keen ambition was to be Prime Minister, and there were many who felt he would some day fill that position. It was for

this reason that on becoming Viceroy he took an Irish peerage, which would allow him to take his seat in the Commons on returning from India. Events proved too strong for him, and he later on became a peer of the United Kingdom. Even then, though sitting in the Lords, he was bitterly disappointed at not being Prime Minister later on.

Before the conclusion of the South African War, he had marked down Kitchener as the man he wanted to have in India as Commander-in-Chief. He felt there was much about the organisation of the Army in India which required bringing up-to-date. He therefore personally pressed for this appointment, and Kitchener was received with the heartiest welcome. After satisfying himself that changes were indeed required, Kitchener applied himself to drawing up a system which for the first time would give India a fully organised Field Force Army, complete with rather over eight divisions, always ready, if necessary, to cross the seas, and at the same time leave India with sufficient "Internal Security Troops" placed where strategically necessary, to ensure the safety of the country during the absence of the Field Army. This plan had the entire and enthusiastic support of Curzon, who saw to it that funds were provided to carry the scheme into operation. Far from there being any personal ill-feeling then between Curzon and Kitchener, they were close friends, and in agreement on all Army matters.

This is not the place to go fully into the controversy which later arose between them, and which I and many others greatly regretted. Kitchener felt that the system under which the Viceroy had a military member of Council as a military adviser, this member being a junior officer to the C.-in-C., and yet alone entitled to place all military matters before the Viceroy, was wrong. He urged the abolition of such a system, putting forward other proposals. These included the abolition of the military department, and the substitution of a Secretary in the Army department, which was to take its place. Curzon maintained that this involved a great constitutional change, which would give the C.-in-C. complete and absolute control over the whole Army, to the practical exclusion of the Viceroy from control or even full knowledge of what might be going on. Kitchener, however, pointed out that the Secretary would be nominated by the Viceroy and one of his most special duties would be to make sure that the Viceroy was fully informed of all matters of policy and any proposed or

possible changes. This surely was sufficient safeguard against the suggested military autocracy of the Commander-in-Chief, both in spirit and in fact.

Years later, having occupied the position of Secretary and subsequently that of Commander-in-Chief, I can certify that this was the case. I well remember how as Secretary I had on one occasion to inform the Chief that a certain action then under consideration would not, I was sure, meet with the Viceroy's approval, and I in consequence must place all details before him. The Chief at once had the matter re-examined, with the result that the original proposals were altered, in a way which made them suitable in all respects.

The change in Viceroyalty from Curzon to Minto was great, the individuals having such diametrically different views and opinions on probably everything! The former was a scholar and a student, who spelt efficiency with a very big E, and who never seemed to have his mind off his work, which was extensive. Minto was eminently an out-of-doors man, a real sportsman, who disliked notes and files as much as Curzon welcomed them!

However, the sportsman's training with an eye for men and country gave to Minto a good start and advantage in dealing with many of the problems which daily presented themselves. I rather liked his note on a case which came before him, and which had apparently been going on for years, with many discursive notes by high officials, and which finally was submitted by the Secretary: "This is now for His Excellency's orders." On this Minto noted: "*Drop it. M.*" Probably an excellent solution to many such long drawn-out discussions!

In years to come I found Curzon had very considerably "mellowed" and did not take such a poor view of the soldier as he used to have. When I was commanding the 5th Army in France during the last war he came to stay with me for a day or two, he complained that he had been unable to get a passage back to England without undue delay. When I told him I would arrange one for him at once—as I did—he said, "Oh! the army are the only people who can do these things well and expeditiously."

I have already mentioned what the Englishwomen in India owe to Lady Minto's efforts in providing proper nursing arrangements for them.

I remember Minto's saying that he was going to kill the top-hat in India, a country in which he thought it quite unsuitable. Accordingly, he always wore a grey pith helmet when arriving in State for the Viceroy's Cup, etc., at the Calcutta races; but his example did not last, and the top-hat is again in use! When I was a young man in Calcutta, the custom then was, when calling, to wear a sun-helmet (as was necessary) when driving your dogcart, with a top-hat under the seat, which had to be taken out and solemnly carried in one's hand when entering the house! How supremely ridiculous that sounds now!

With many words in Urdu sounding alike but with very different meanings, we often hear of strange mistakes. On a new Viceroy taking over office, proclamation parades are held to announce the new "King." I remember when Lord Lansdowne relieved Lord Dufferin, an agitated C.O. made the proclamation to his regiment very briefly, and actually said: "The old Viceroy has gone: the new Viceroy now sits on the donkey"!

The Persian word for "throne" is *Takht* (the fine mountain which overlooks the Indus near Dera Ismail Khan is the *Takht-i-Suleiman*; but the more common word in use is *gadhi* (pronounced *guddi*). The Persian word for a donkey is *gadha*. But that excellent and well-mannered man, the Indian soldier, refrained from smiling.

It was in those days that Germany took to sending out Consul general of a distinctly higher calibre than had previously been the custom of any country. Indeed, she would certainly have liked to convert her commercial representative into an Ambassador! Among those whom she sent out were some good and some intolerant men, and some who made a point of entertaining lavishly, with great display of plate and lovely glass on their tables. The Count and Countess Quadt—Bavarians—were very popular; a Prussian who followed later was not so. He was a very powerful man, and proud of his strength, and he one day took on an officer of the Guides at a game one often saw round the billiard table. Two men would place their elbows on the billiard table, take hold of each other's hands, and pressing downwards from the wrist, see who could lower the other's hand first. On this occasion, after a mighty struggle, there was a crack, and the German gave way; it was found that his wrist was cracked; but

the only consolation he got from his opponent was the remark: "Made in Germany!"

Later on we got a very nice fellow, Prince Henry XXXI of Reuss, generally known as the "Thirsty-first." Von Keller, the Acting Consul-general, was also a very good sort, and a beautiful pianist. One evening when he was playing after dinner, Curzon was talking aloud to a lady, and von Keller had the temerity to jump up and shout: "Hsh-hsh!" His English was never too good. He rather embarrassed ladies, when meeting them on their arrival at a dance, by pointing to the cloak-room and saying: "Will you please go in there and take off your clothes!" However, he had his change out of a very haughty lady, who said something while they were dancing, on which he stopped, and shaking his finger at her, said: "Ah! I am not such a fool as you look!"

His was the only house in which I have eaten bear-steaks. On his return from a shoot in the hills near Simla, the Consul-general gave us these luxuries, served with special wines. As far as I was concerned, the steaks might have been anything! But the bear is a very clean feeder; fruit if he can get it, and acorns, are his real delight when available. Some years later, when shooting in the Poonah State with Lord Kitchener, we got a bag of thirty-six bears in a few hours, for in the oak forests there the bears fairly revelled, and the local people were as grateful to those who would shoot them, as in other parts of India they are when they can get any of us to come along and destroy the great wild pigs which have taken possession of their sugar-cane fields. This is always a fine occasion for pig-sticking. I was to meet von Keller again many years later, when I had the honour of representing our King at the funeral of Mustapha Kemal Ataturk at Ankara in 1938. Von Keller was then the German Ambassador to Turkey.

Talking of Germans reminds me of some stories regarding Prince Henry of Prussia, the Emperor William's younger brother. When staying at the Hotel Bristol in Paris some years ago, and on leaving his rooms at the end of his visit, he found the whole staircase lined on either side by the hotel servants, all on the lookout for tips. He was quite taken aback, and returned to his rooms, where he noticed two enormous ornamental wax candles. These he proceeded to cut into slices, and as he went down the stairs presented a slice to each servant. History does not relate the reaction, but I must say I had not thought any German was

possessed of such a sense of humour as the situation required, and I felt his manner of meeting it showed some courage and resource.

Another story about Prince Henry was told me by Lord Kitchener. Many years ago, on his return from the Sudan, he was summoned by Queen Victoria to Balmoral, and it so happened that Prince Henry also was a guest. Those were the days before motors, and the Queen's guests were met at Ballater station by a carriage, and told to bring with them only their change of clothes for dinner—all the rest would follow. To Kitchener's astonishment, Prince Henry appeared at dinner wearing a kilt of the Royal Stuart tartan, which apparently he felt entitled to wear through his mother's ancestry. In any case, it greatly pleased the Queen. A short time previously, some person had told the Queen that Kitchener was a very brusque, rude man, whereupon she remarked that she had never found him so. He had always been most kind and polite to her!

Another story about dress told me by "K." was that when both he and Lord Wolseley arrived to dine with the Prince of Wales (King Edward VII), at Marlborough House, where miniature medals were worn, Wolseley happened to be a little late, and apparently his medals had not been put on straight. This at once offended the meticulous eye of the Prince, who could not accept the excuse that poor Wolseley had been very hard-worked, with no time to attend to such a detail, though the Prince could not regard it as such. The Prince then pointed out how straight Kitchener's decorations were, but before the end of his congratulations, he suddenly stopped with a look of horror, and asked Kitchener why he too was so improperly dressed. Kitchener had lately become a K.C.B., and as such would wear the star of the Order on his coat and the cross round his neck. Previously, as a C.B., he would only wear the miniature C.B. on the right of his war medals. "K," in his innocence, had retained the miniature C.B. and worn the K.C.B. as well. The Prince, like the Duke of Connaught, had the eye of a hawk for such details; but as a matter of fact, a few years later orders were issued for the miniature decorations to be worn on all occasions.

Both the Prince and the Duke of Connaught were naturally very proud of their Stuart ancestry. General Yeatman-Briggs, on whose staff I was in the Tirah campaign in 1897, told me he had a very nice old house in Dorsetshire, and when the Duke of

Connaught happened to be near, he asked if he might come to see it. "Y.-B." was naturally delighted to do the honours to him. On taking him into one room, "Y.-B." said: "This, Sir, is the room which was occupied by Queen Elizabeth, and that bed, which I was fortunate enough to obtain, was once slept in by Mary Queen of Scots." The Duke said nothing, but later on he remarked to his equerry: "What a barbarian that fellow Yeatman-Briggs must be, to place the bed slept in by my sainted ancestress Queen Mary in the room occupied by that dreadful woman Elizabeth!"

Soon after returning to India in 1920, after the Great War, I found Reading succeeding Chelmsford as Viceroy, and Rawlinson following Monro as C.-in-C., while I myself commanded the Northern Army—a position I really enjoyed and appreciated. I already knew the Punjab and North-West Frontier well, and found myself in the midst of very old and really good friends, both British and Indian. Perhaps the life of an Army Commander is about the nicest and best for which any soldier could ask. You are to all intents and purposes able to devote the whole of your time to the troops, touring round one cantonment after another, and with none of the worry or anxiety as regards finance and policy which have to be faced and tackled by the C.-in-C. at Simla and Delhi. I was able to march through Chitral, and all that far N.W. Frontier, on to the Pamirs, over the Killick and Mintaka Passes, at over 17,000 feet. Sir Shuja-ul-Mulk, the then Mehtar of Chitral (and later his son Nasir-ul-Mulk) was an old friend, and always welcomed me heartily. I remember on my first visit to Chitral, in the Mehtar's temporary absence, his eldest son was detailed to introduce his brothers to me, and there I saw twelve of them, standing like so many organ-pipes. My surprise at the size of the family was quite misunderstood, for on my saying: "What, twelve of them?" I got the reply: "Yes, sir, but remember my father is still only a young man!"

This reminds me of a very old story about Lloyd George. Even as quite a young man he had a very reverent following in Wales, and on his appearance one day at a small wayside station, the Welsh porter said to an English traveller, in a voice of awe: "Do you see that man? That is Mr. Lloyd George, whatever." As the Englishman seemed unimpressed, he repeated the information to get the reply: "Well, what if it is? He isn't the Almighty," to which the Welshman's response was: "Ah, no—but he is only

a young man still, whatever——” with evident expectation of very high future advancement.

Another rather nice story about Lloyd George concerned a man who had been for many years in Central Africa and heard no news of any sort, and came home to find London decorated for the coronation of King George V. He asked somebody what the decorations were for, and was told they were for the coronation.

“Oh,” he said, “the coronation of King Edward?”

“No, King George.”

On which he ejaculated: “What, has the little Welshman got to that already?”

I don’t know that such prospects quite correspond with the views once expressed to me by a venerated and dear old Hindu gentleman, about the abdication of the British throne by King Edward VIII. He said:

“This is one of the most wonderful things that has happened in history. Here is a man who had at his feet all that this world can contain. The greatest of positions—the highest rank—immense wealth—enormous power, all already his—and he renounces them all for love of a woman! Should he, after some years of happy married life, renounce the world and live the life of an ascetic and holy man, he will go down in history as one of the greatest saints among mankind.”

Can we expect or even hope that the Duke of Windsor will regard life in such a light, when he is serving the Empire as he is doing, as Governor of a portion of our far-flung dominions?

The Princes of India are, of course, very more numerous than those in Europe—especially since the fall of the German Empire. Many of these Princes are bound to us and we to them by very definite treaties, some of them of over 150 years’ standing—treaties by which we guarantee their States, rights and privileges; it is well that this fact should never be forgotten as some people in India are inclined to do, when such rights seem to stand in the way of making the States conform to the laws and customs of British India. Such people often fail to realise that no unilateral action can possibly be taken to revise or revoke these old treaties. We—the British people—have never regarded treaties as *scraps of paper*, and pray

God we never will. Any revision of treaties must therefore be carried out only by mutual agreement and with the complete and willing consent of any States concerned.

CHAPTER III

South African War, 1899—Lord Kitchener and His Individuality—Kemal Atatürk and His Country

I OWE A GREAT DEBT OF GRATITUDE TO LORD LANSDOWNE, WHO was Secretary of State when the South African War started in 1899. Forces were then sent out under Sir Redvers Buller; not of great strength in the first instance, as it was expected the war would be of short duration, and it was a case of "Infantry Preferred." This preference was entirely reversed later on, when the major portion of our regiments became Mounted Infantry as fast as horses could be provided for them; and towards the end of the war these were poured into South Africa from Australia, New Zealand, Canada, North and South America, at the rate of 2,000 per day. As they were taken into service before there was time to acclimatise them properly, the wastage was terrible.

After many casualties had been sustained, Buller applied for some "special service officers" to be sent out, and Lansdowne was good enough to include me among them, remembering me from the time when I served on his Bodyguard in India. On my arrival, Buller at once ordered me to Natal, to join the staff of Lord Dundonald, who commanded all the mounted troops. These were a great force of locally raised South African regiments and of British cavalry. It was a life I heartily enjoyed, for during the whole campaign for the relief of Ladysmith, and the later advance into the Transvaal, right up to Koomati Port on the Portuguese border, we were almost daily on the move, riding over lovely, wide, rolling, healthy country.

I have written elsewhere about the campaign from Colenso to Pretoria, and will not enter into details here: but that first year

of South Africa in the open is a time I always look back upon with delight.

In those days many officers and men were bearded. I well remember Lyttelton going up to a brother Rifleman—Pitcairn Campbell—and asking him to walk round a big detachment of troops lately arrived from home. When Campbell asked why, he got the answer: "Oh, I only wanted the men to see what a Boer looked like!" Dear little Peter Semphill, of the Seaforth Highlanders also seemed very proud of a great red beard, which seemed to cover most of his face and which earned him the title of "the Gillie." To my very deep regret, he was killed some years later while fighting in the Khyber Pass.

Happening to be wounded during our advance through the Eastern Transvaal, I was sent to hospital in Pretoria, and while convalescing, Lord and Lady Roberts, kind and thoughtful as ever, took me into their house. It was there that I first met Lord Kitchener, who was Chief of Staff. Soon after this, the Natal Army was broken up, and Buller and Dundonald, with most of the officers of that Army, went home. Lord Roberts was to follow shortly, in order to take over from Wolseley as C.-in-C. at home, and he was to be succeeded in S. Africa by Kitchener, who asked Buller for the services of two or three officers whom he could recommend to remain with him, and among these Buller was kind enough to include my name. Kitchener, in spite of his horror of married officers, accepted me; and for nine long years both my wife and I felt that we never had or wanted a better friend. People seldom realised that Kitchener was a shy man, and consequently took some little time to know; but having once given his confidence, he did so wholeheartedly. His ways as Chief were his own, and he was always his own Chief of Staff. Consequently, when Sir Ian Hamilton was sent out to fill that position, he was promptly sent off to command columns in the field; for which, indeed, he was very much better suited, for it was work after his own heart. To his A.G. and Q.M.G., however, Kitchener always gave a free hand, never worrying about details of their work.

He was very fond of riding, though not a great horseman. He always valued a certain cup with his name on it as member of a winning team in an Egyptian polo tournament of former times.

During all the years I was with him, he seldom missed his daily ride. I always found him a delightful companion in the many rides we had together in South Africa and India.

In character he was one of the most determined of men, impulsive and impatient, but at the same time most persistent. If he failed in his first rush, he would go on till he succeeded. Perhaps the best example of this was his Sudan campaign to relieve Khartum. He had to face endless difficulties in organising and carrying through his long advance up the Nile, to strike the final blow at the Mahdi at Omdurman. The late Lord Salisbury, who was a goodish judge of character, had at once said "K.", when called upon to nominate the commander for that campaign. He was told that many better and senior men were available, but only replied: "Perhaps there may be, but "K." is a lucky man——"; and so it turned out.

On leaving India in 1909, Kitchener had been very anxious to return as Viceroy; failing that, he wished to be Ambassador at Constantinople or British Representative in Egypt—a country he loved. King Edward was certainly anxious to send him to India, but Morley, then Secretary of State, set his face absolutely against it, apparently fearing that such an appointment would set up a military autocracy. Had Morley known Kitchener as I did, he would have realised that far from this being the case, "K." would probably have given the C.-in-C. a bad time, by demanding very definite proof of the necessity of any increased expenditure, etc., which might be put forward. Dear old Sir Dighton Probyn told me that during his long years of service under King Edward, both as Prince of Wales and monarch, he had seldom seen the King so anxious about anything as he was to send "K." to India. Sir Dighton expressed the opinion that, had the King lived, he would have been able to ensure Morley's consent without the latter resigning, as he threatened to do. He added that King George V., a much younger man, who had only recently ascended the throne, naturally could not take such decisive action. As is well known, Lord Hardinge was then sent to India as Viceroy; an appointment which King Edward might very well have refused to sanction, for with the great regard he had for Hardinge, especially in his knowledge of foreign affairs, he liked Hardinge to accompany him on his visits to the Continent.

Again, had Kitchener been Ambassador to Turkey during 1914, I have always felt that that very pronounced quality of his, persistency, might have enabled him to keep Turkey as England's friend. He would never have left Enver or the Turkish Government to themselves, without urging on them in the strongest terms the madness of coming in against us on the side of Germany, after all the long years of real friendship between us, ever since the Crimean War. Kitchener knew the Turks well, having first been employed in survey work in Palestine (1874) for the Turkish Government, and all know about his long service in Egypt and his affection for the people, besides his thorough knowledge of the population in the Middle East. Personally, I have no doubt that his influence would have been great—one might say predominating.

I say this, because when he came to India as Chief later on, and I always acted as interpreter for him when talking to Indians, I was astonished at the influence he seemed almost at once to exert over them, even though he knew not their language. He might well have acquired the same power over the Turks. However, perhaps I am too sanguine in thinking only of the Turks as such—and such as they were when Kitchener knew them. In 1914 it was, of course, a case of Turk-cum-German, with a German Chief of Staff and many military officers; later on, too, the officers and crews of the *Goeben* and *Breslau* were in Constantinople: everything must have been very different. Also, we had a determined pro-German to deal with in Enver Pasha, who had been educated in a German military school, and was obsessed by the notion of that country's might. Feeling confident she would be victorious, he was resolved Turkey should be on her side, and share in the spoils! Enver is not the only man responsible for bringing disaster on his country, though I am glad to say Turkey's ruin was by no means so utter and complete as that brought on his own country by Hitler.

Realising what a good and brave fighting man the Turk always was, I came quite to like and respect the Turks as a nation, and was very glad when an opportunity presented itself in 1935 for a visit to Constantinople—I beg its pardon: should I say "Istanbul"? Sir Percy Loraine was our excellent and highly respected ambassador. Mustapha Kemal Atatürk, President of the Republic, was unfortunately ill and unable to see me; but he sent his Chief of Staff, Fahretein Pasha, to meet me and do anything he could

for us. I found that Fahretein, like Kemal, had been at the Dardanelles and facing us during the war, so I asked him some questions:

Q. (1) When you made a big attack on me at Anzac, on 19th May, 1915, what were your casualties?

A. Ten thousand.

Q. (2) What did you think of the Suvla Landing?

A. When we saw your very large force landing, we wired to Istanbul to say the war was over, as you would get Constantinople!

Q. (3) What did Kemal think of our evacuation?

A. He was absent; but when he heard of your getting away without loss, he said: "If I had been there, I would have shot myself!"

Rather nice to hear! I at once asked Fahretein to give Kemal a message from me to say how very glad I was, for Turkey's sake, that he was not present. As had he been so, Turkey would undoubtedly have been deprived of his valuable services in these past years.

My next visit to Turkey, and this time to Ankara, was in November, 1938, when the King deputed me to represent His Majesty at the funeral of the President of the Republic, Mustapha Kemal Ataturk. I was received with great honour by Ismet Inonu, the new President. Unfortunately a poisoned foot prevented my taking an active part in the funeral ceremony; but the new President received me directly afterwards, for an interview lasting over an hour, and we parted good friends, with an invitation to me to come again as a guest the following year. Alas! the second Great War prevented that!

Ever since the Crimean War of 1855, we had been the traditional friends of Turkey in Europe, and it was indeed sad that the ambitions of Enver should have thrown us into opposite

camps in 1915. I am sure all Englishmen and Turks are really thankful that the years from 1939 onwards have found us firm friends, even though Turkey has not been involved in the war.

A close friend of mine in Gallipoli was the Naval C-in-C., Admiral Sir John de Robeck, a real live sailor and, incidentally, one who loved a good gallop across country. It was only after the Navy had found the forcing of the Dardanelles impossible, that the expedition became an Army responsibility; but not one of us there failed to realise how absolutely dependent on the Navy we were, day and night, for everything. Our many landings, our covering-fire, supplies—for all these the Navy was indeed, as an Indian would say, "Mah-Bap," or our mother and father. From start to finish, de Robeck was always the same. Later, he was in chief command in the Eastern Mediterranean, and I remember his telling me how a U.S. ship arrived, and signalled she was in want of stores—could he help her? De Robeck, who had a stores ship called *Dago*, signalled back: "Yes. Tie up alongside *Dago*, and she will give you what you want."

The American captain looked round, spotted an Italian battleship, made a bee-line for her and tied up. When called upon by an infuriated Italian to explain what he was doing, he said: "The British Admiral told me to tie up to *Dago*, and here I am!"

There you had all the makings of a fine war, had Mussolini then been in power. His feelings might have been much the same as those of the good gentleman who quoted in the Assembly in Delhi one day. "Though you should call me a rose, yet still I should smell!"

Talking about sailors reminds me of a visit paid to Bombay by an American squadron many years ago. I went on board with some other officers, and after being taken round I broke off and spoke to a very large man who was leaning against one of the guns. I asked him what his work on board was, and was told he was a marine. "But your work?" I persisted, and he replied: "I guess we do the whole of the work on board this blasted ship." "How many marines are on board?" "About eighty." "And how many bluejackets?" "About 250."

I naturally asked how the 250 bluejackets amused themselves, if the marines did all the work; only to hear: "The bluejackets, they just lie about the decks and scratch themselves!"

I wonder if in any other Navy the same opinion is held as to the division of labour? I only regretted having no opportunity of hearing the bluejackets' views on the subject.

I mentioned this incident later to that really good fellow—Bingham—who was here as U.S. Ambassador after the war. Bingham was a man loved by everyone, and his untimely death while still a young and seemingly fit man, was greatly regretted. I last saw him when he came to Cambridge in 1938, to receive the Honorary Degree of LL.D. He then told me how, when Ribbentrop was appointed German Ambassador here, he came to call on him, Bingham, as in duty bound; and how, to his amazement, Ribbentrop at once started a violent diatribe against Great Britain. Bingham stopped him as soon as possible, saying he hoped Ribbentrop would remember that Britain and the United States stood for the same ideals of liberty and freedom of thought, word and action, and could always be counted on to stand together. On this, Ribbentrop got up, clicked his heels together, saluted and left the room.

Another truly delightful American was Colonel Bacon, Military Attaché during the Great War, and who, on behalf of the President, presented me with the American D.S.M. in 1919.

The subject of decorations recalls an episode in connection with Kitchener. He was commanding the troops on parade on the occasion of King George the Fifth's coronation. I had come from India for the ceremony, as one of the King's A.D.C.s, and was near Kitchener in the big procession. In the course of this, his G.C.S.I. star fell into the top of his high field-marshal boots. He thought it was lost, and it was only later on in the day, when he came to take off his uniform, that he discovered it safe and sound. As Lord Salisbury had once said, he was a lucky man, and luck counts for much.

Incidentally, I may mention that the Maharaja of Bikanir once lost a big diamond on the Horse Guards Parade; but it was found, and returned to him.

CHAPTER IV

Changes in Cavalry Regiments in India—Shooting Camps: Ducks and Sand-grouse, Buck, Tigers, Pig-sticking

THINKING OF OLD REGIMENTAL DAYS, SOME FIFTY YEARS AGO, I cannot help feeling that the boys who are now following us into what are still called Cavalry Regiments, can never have the really good times which we had when horses meant so much to us—nearly everything. Not a day passed but we rode; should there be no mounted parade, there would be a ride across country, or polo, or in some places pig-sticking.

Will the mechanical-cavalry officer be able to afford his own stable? I rather doubt it. For him there will never be the joy of galloping with long lines of charging Lancers behind him, conscious that he is leading men prepared to charge anything on earth. The advent of the motor-car, with its ever-increasing power and speed, is doubtless a great boon to humanity in general, in spite of the terrible number of deaths on our roads every day. But there are times when I could almost wish the internal combustion engine had never been designed! Are we the happier for it? That is very doubtful; and I fancy it has made all men rather too anxious to rush their fences, and so get through whatever may be before them in the quickest possible way; which leaves little time for thought or consideration of the matter in hand. And as to enjoyment—will the young officer of the future be able to revel in the riding and shooting we had fifty years ago in India, at a cost within the means of the poorest subaltern?

I suppose that in saying all this, one lays oneself open to criticism as a wretched aborigine, looking askance at any advancement. The truth is, that during the last twenty years we have taken a good large bite out of the Apple of Knowledge, and we find it, as we were warned it would be, both good and evil,

However, bemoaning the disappearance of the horse will not bring him back. The motor has come to stay, and to increase in numbers, efficiency, pace and carrying-power. But it is well to remember that the motor, like the horse, takes some knowing. In the last war, I remember seeing a lorry halted, and when an impatient officer came up to know the reason, he was told: "One cylinder missing, sir." Nothing daunted, the enthusiastic officer said: "We'll soon put that right. Turn everyone out, and we'll find it."

The horse has gone; but the great cavalry spirit will last for ever, I am sure, among those who follow their horse-riding ancestors. It was always the pride and the determination of the cavalry to be in the front, the advance guard of the Army, probing the way for the slower-moving infantry, acting as the eyes and ears of commanders; and we may feel confident that the fast-moving cars of the Divisional Cavalry will be well ahead and away to the flanks of the main body, for whom they will ever be prepared to sacrifice themselves, if necessary. An excellent example of this was afforded by the regiment I joined sixty years ago, and of which I am now indeed proud to be the Colonel—the 12th Lancers. Through all the difficult and severe fighting leading up to the evacuation of our Army at Dunkirk, the 12th Lancers, under the very efficient command of Colonel Herbert Lumsden, earned the gratitude and admiration of a very large part of Lord Gort's Army by the wonderful way in which they maintained a screen round the flanks and rear of the retiring forces, keeping back the advancing and confident enemy time after time, and (as was their duty) enabling the main body to move on to selected positions in such safety as might be possible. That was an example which should—and will—be followed by our cavalry units, who never fail to realise how much more difficult it is to carry out with success a long retirement, than it is to advance with full confidence of victory to spur them on. This latter position is ours now, for which it is well to remember we have to thank our Army, with its American and French allies, as I write in the autumn of 1944.

Probably one of the pleasantest parts of one's life in India is the time spent in shooting-camps. I had the good fortune to have plenty of this in various parts of the country, shooting both small and big game. The former, I hope, is still available to

the subaltern at little cost; though I am well aware that *all* costs in India have mounted up enormously in recent years, and all Indian servants now receive double or treble the amount of monthly pay which they got when I was a boy. This is, of course, only natural, for all costs of living have increased beyond knowledge. It is true that the officer's pay has been considerably improved since those days; but not in proportion to increasing expenses.

Of small game it was possible to get excellent bags in a few hours from many cantonments. At Nowgong, C.I., where I was quartered in 1887, two guns would get fifty brace of snipe in a morning's shoot. In Sind and many other places, very big bags of duck could be got in one day; while at the Maharaja of Bikanir's big sand-grouse shoots, 4,000 birds were at times killed during a very few hours in the morning—the only time of day when the birds came over. From many stations partridge, quail, duck, snipe or pigeons could be got with a little trouble.

Big game shooting is different, and is generally expensive. There cannot be many places now where one can get even a few chinkara, black buck or chital, without considerable difficulty. Fifty years ago, it could easily be done. From Ferozepore, on the edge of the desert, one could go out any day and get half a dozen buck. From many stations deer were within reach, and in some places wild pig. In shooting the latter, one earned the gratitude of the villagers, whose fields were often entirely devastated by big boars, especially the sugar-cane plots.

I had the good fortune to shoot several tigers; but none gave me the same joy as my first one, at Dehra Dun. A local landowner sent me word one day that he had a tiger marked down, and would I come and help in getting him. The landowner had a "pad" elephant, i.e., one with no regular howdah, but just a big pad on its back. When we were well out in the forest, we climbed trees, and the beat began. The tiger ran past my tree, about 200 yards off, and I got in a shot which wounded and turned him into the thick undergrowth. We then got on elephants and walked him up, the mahout encouraging his beast by telling it to show exactly what it would do if the tiger charged; whereupon the elephant rooted up a small clump of bamboo and dashed it on the ground!

Presently the tiger appeared directly in front of me, and I got

in another shot as he charged, hitting him again, but not fatally, and the next moment he sprang on the elephant, which promptly showed its valour by bolting! The tiger in his spring had only been able to reach the edge of the pad, which he seized. I had missed with my second barrel, and tried hard to reload; but with the elephant bucking, this was not too easy. I have always regretted not having had a revolver, which I could have put into the tiger's mouth. However, he could not hold on. He was shaken off, and as we walked him up again, a final shot finished him.

While the tiger is being skinned, out come all the wonderful stories from everyone present of the tigers they have shot, what they have seen the beasts doing, and other displays of imagination. I fancy the tiger-shooter must run the great fisherman pretty hard in this respect.

The pig-sticking camps are generally located in groves of lovely "country" mango-trees. The "spears" would start very early, when they could be sure of finding the boars still ravaging the fields, through which the beaters passed with much noise and firing, the "spears" being stationed on the far side from where the boar would charge out. After letting him get well away, and making sure that it was a boar, you would sit down and gallop for him, he gradually increasing his pace till you were fairly near, when he would race. But on getting a bit blown, or perhaps annoyed at his supremacy being challenged, he would turn, and you might get a glimpse of his wicked little eye as he charged straight at you.

What a satisfaction to get your spear, with the full weight of your horse behind it, right through his heart! The great boar, pluckiest of animals, is rolled over, to the huge delight of all present; for not only may he have ravaged their fields for many days, but his body will now provide them with a fine feast.

I say "pluckiest of animals" advisedly, for an old boar will without hesitation charge a tiger or an elephant, and they both fear him greatly.

After the kill, you might return to camp during the heat of the day—for the hot weather season is the best for this sport—and there lie reading, getting any sleep possible, and meditating what a real joy life can be in such surroundings. In the cool of the evening, the proceedings would be repeated in another part of the country; but during the day, the horses would have to be well looked after.

Frequently they had to be bandaged or have a wound sewn up, for you can never hope to fight your pig without occasional damages. Unless the rider makes sure of holding him off with the spear, the pig will almost certainly rip open the horse's stomach, for which he makes a determined jump. Fortunately, he is not often successful.

CHAPTER V

Sir Robert Baden-Powell—Buildings in India: the Taj and the Agra Forts—Anecdotes of Indian and British Soldiers—Indian Servants

A COMRADE OF OLD DAYS WHOSE MEMORY I HOLD DEAR AND OF whom I still often think, though alas he has now long left us, is Sir Robert Baden-Powell, a truly remarkable man. One of a large family I fancy he had from boyhood very much to fend for himself. I first met him as a cavalry officer in India where he so often showed his great versatility, resource, and exceptional individual characteristics. I believe that as quite a young officer in Afghanistan he disguised himself as a General Officer and as such appeared on the stage at a Regimental theatre and took off the General with great success. That must have required some nerve and good acting but apparently he got away with it! He was a fine horseman and good shot—indeed a great sportsman. I well remember his showing the qualities of scouting (for which he later became so famous) when shooting in Kashmir. He had with him a local "Shikari"—one of a class of men whose eyesight is quite remarkable. Looking across a great valley, "B.-P." said "I wonder who that man under that tree across the valley is?" The Shikari said he could not see anyone, so "B.-P." said they must go across and find out. After a long tramp sure enough there was the man and "B.-P.'s" fame for marvellous eyesight went all over the country. But it was not eyesight which "B.-P." had exercised but powers of deduction—part of his teaching later on to all scouts—as he said at the time: "Right across the valley a long way off, it was possible to see sheep dotted about on the hillside. Where there were sheep there was bound to be a shepherd—such a man would naturally see the sheep best from above them, and as it was a real hot day, he would certainly if possible be in the shade." Hence I was confident in locating the unseen man!

The courage and versatility with which with a small garrison he held Mafeking years later are well known. Later, still, he was given by Lord Milner the task of raising the South African Constabulary, which he did with complete success. He was good enough then to ask me to join him and in many ways it was a life I would much have enjoyed, but on consulting Lord Kitchener, on whose staff I was, he vetoed it, saying I had important work with him there, and later on if he went to India he wished me to be with him there. So that was that!

But "B.-P.'s" greatest work came later still when on leaving the Army he had the great vision of inaugurating the Boy Scout movement, which in due course was to be extended throughout the whole civilized world, and to the very great benefit, not only to boys themselves, but to their respective countries. Boys realised there were things worth living for beyond what they learnt at their schools, and let us hope that early training will influence very many for real advantage throughout their lives. The movement ensures the memory with honour of "B.-P." throughout the world. As an example of "B.-P.'s" wonderful versatility, it is said he could draw a very clever sketch with one hand while he wrote an excellent letter on an entirely different subject with the other. It can only be given to few to divide their brain power so well.

Does it seem like mixing things that differ when my mind moves from pig-sticking to Baden-Powell's Boy Scouts and then passes on to that most beautiful of buildings, the Taj, close to which I was in camp for some time? In looking back over the past one picture presents itself after another, and the pen records them as they arise.

The Taj Mahal is lovely beyond description, so my poor pen will not attempt to portray it. Some of us may remember Byron's very fine lines on St. Peter's in Rome, which seem to me to apply most perfectly to the Taj:—

"But thou, of temples old, or altars new,
Standest alone
.
Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not,
And why? it is not lessen'd; but thy mind,
Expanded by the genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal, and can only find
A fit abode wherein appear enshrined
Thy hopes of immortality.

Great indeed must have been the enduring love of the Mogul Emperor, Shah Jehan, for his wife Mumtaz Mahal, when he erected such a magnificent tomb for her. He would constantly gaze at it from his great fort at Agra, in the days when he himself had been imprisoned there.

It is said (I know not with what truth) that after the completion of the Taj, the Mogul's son, Aurangzeb, cut off the right hands of the skilled workmen—mostly Europeans—lest they should ever build another Taj. Such were the customs in those "good old days" in many parts of the so-called civilised world.

I acted as cicerone to King Albert of Belgium and his Queen when they visited Agra and Delhi in 1925, desiring to see some of India's beauty-spots. There are, of course, many magnificent buildings dating earlier than the advent of the Mogul Emperors, the first of whom, Genghis Khan, led his invading forces from the North-West in 1219. The great Mogul buildings, known so well to all visitors to India—I mean those at Agra and Delhi—were not built till the time of Akbar, Shah Jehan and Aurangzeb; that is, roughly, between the years 1560 and 1650, when the Mogul Empire was at its zenith.

Very lovely—or rather, grand—they are. They have been described in many books with beautiful illustrations, and I will not attempt to speak of them here. I could not in any way do them justice. But I do remember how enormously impressed I was with them, when in the year 1890 I chanced to march with my regiment from Central India to Peshawar, which entailed passing through both Agra and Delhi. During halts in those places, one had ample time, not only to see, but to loiter long, in one huge building after another, and really absorb the atmosphere. It is impossible to say which of them is the most beautiful; certainly the Taj is generally given the place of honour; but the massiveness of the huge forts of Agra and Delhi, once seen, can never be forgotten. The delicate Pearl Mosque in the Fort at Delhi is perfectly lovely, while the lofty Kutub Minar, and the beautiful ruins of Fatephur Sikri, must all be seen to be realised; no words can be of much use. And having seen them, and then having seen the great buildings in New Delhi—the Viceroy's house, the Secretariat and the Legislature Chambers—all of which we owe to the combined genius of Lutyens and Herbert Baker, one may well go into a brown study over trying to think out what the verdict of

visitors will be, say, 450 years hence. The buildings may still be standing, let us hope; both those which even now are old, and their modern confrères.

The New Delhi of our time is certainly the first city of that name to be laid out on a regularly planned design. The earlier Mogul cities consisted only of magnificent forts, huge in size, and in which were beautiful Masjids and elaborate quarters carefully designed for the use of the Emperor, his family, and his great officers and guards. But outside the walls of the forts, and indeed right up to and touching them, absolute squalor reigned; any man being allowed to erect the most miserable of mud hovels, piled one on top of another with no semblance of order. There were no laid-out streets; the place had, like Topsy, just "growed." It would have been a joy to let loose a Lord Curzon, with unlimited money, in such surroundings, and see the results of his ruthless wiping away of excrescences, and his subsequent imaginations!

In this respect, I often wonder whether the buildings in India and England are really representative of the race, or of the time. Did we, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, consider the comfort and well-being of the poor, their housing and so forth? I doubt it. In this generation, I think we can say that we do so, and endeavour to ensure that even the poorest shall be well looked after; though naturally, it may take another generation before all the dreadful slums in some of our great cities are cleared away, and rebuilt as sanitary habitations in proper surroundings.

Lady Dufferin, by her solicitude for Indian women, did much to help in bringing home both to the Indian and English people how very much was wanting, and how much could be done by persistent effort; but such must be really persistent to be of any value.

Fortunately, one's life in India has many lighter moments, when one can be well amused by the unconscious and entirely unmeant humour of our Indian fellow-subjects, many of whose remarks come to my mind; and, of course, the same applies to the people of other countries. One day, when I was in bed with fever, an old Indian officer came in to see me, and asked how I was feeling. I said: "Not too bright: I have a temperature of 103°." He at once replied: "Oh, that is nothing; I often go up to 112°!" and no doubt he thought he did.

The Indian is certainly a realist—shall I say a sentimentalist? I remember a man who had to fill in his census return, and being the possessor of a small baby, entered against the child's name, as its "profession":

"Drinking its mother's milk."

When a portion of our fleet once came up the Hugli to Calcutta, I took a party of men of the Viceroy's bodyguard (of which I was then Adjutant) over one of the cruisers. I need hardly say that the Navy was all out to make things interesting, and explain all details of the complicated machinery—guns, ammunition hoists, and so forth. Later on, I asked some of the men, who had never before seen a big ship, what had interested them most, to be told: "Sahib, that was a wonderful *dekchi* (cooking pot) they had on board, which cooked the food for 200 men at the same time!"

On another occasion, when at Bombay, I pointed out the direction in which I was to sail next day for England. There happened to be a number of fishing stakes along the coast, and the good man who had come to see me off, observing these, answered: "Yes. I suppose those stakes are put in to show you the way home."

Well, he had never before seen the sea, and could have no conception of its vastness. Our own troops, too, can provide good stories.

At Cawnpore there is a very fine church, built as a memorial to the British folk massacred there at the time of the Mutiny. A British regiment was stationed there with a particularly good band, and this band, as usual in India, formed the choir of the church. When the regiment left, however, the poor Chaplain-in-Charge had endless trouble to get the bandsmen of the new one to come up to the level of their predecessors, especially in matters of ritual.

On mentioning this to the Sergeant-Major, that disciplinarian asked if he might come to a choir-practice and see what he could do.

The Chaplain explained that at the Creed the men would shuffle round to the East anyhow; whereas what he wanted was that they should swing about directly after he himself had pronounced the words: "I believe."

The Sergeant-Major took the matter in hand with: "Now my lads, look here. When the 'oly man says 'I believe,' not a move:

them words is only cautionary. But when he says 'in God the Father,' you'll every one of you turn right and left towards the altar, or I'll want to know the reason why!"

There was no more trouble.

Have we still that quite wonderful class of N.C.O.s who for generations have made the British army and British soldier the marvellous asset they are to our Empire? I sincerely trust they will go on for ever.

During the last war, while visiting the wounded in hospital, Queen Mary noticed a man with a picture of King George tattooed on his arm. She was much interested, and asked if he had any more pictures, on which he said: "Yes, Mum, the Kaiser William; but you can't see that, for I'm sittin' on un!"

A curious coincidence I remember in the war was when one of our Australian soldiers duly received a Christmas box from his home country, the box arriving among thousands of others. Inside he found a ring. Later on, he got engaged to a girl here and gave her this ring. She went out to Australia in advance of him and, pending his arrival, took service in a big house. The mistress, noticing the ring, asked how she had got it. The girl told her, and it then appeared that the ring belonged to the mistress, who had missed it when packing comforts for the troops. It had evidently fallen into the box she was despatching, and by a million-to-one chance, had returned to her own house.

My wife, who worked on the Australian Comforts Fund, was highly amused when some of my men came over here from Gallipoli, and were introduced to her. One of them was heard to declare to his friends: "Well, I always thought the General was a real good fellow; but I can't forgive him for marrying a young girl like that!"

And we had then been married for over twenty years!

But for a ready tongue I cannot think there are many who outstrip my old friend Christie-Crawford. One incident is best told in his own words. "Lord Dufferin was a good fellow. He spoke to me at the reception, and asked why I hadn't brought my wife. I hadn't one, being only twenty-one at the time; but I didn't want to upset him, so I said she wasn't able to come out much just now, and he changed the subject. Showed very nice feeling."

Among the many races and castes are the Jains, who have some beautiful temples, to which many thousands annually repair for worship. In many of these are enormous carved figures of naked men. But what particularly distinguishes the Jains, is their absolute horror of taking life in any form. A strict Jain will not boil water for fear of destroying minute organisms, and he will often wear a piece of muslin across his mouth lest he should inadvertently swallow an insect.

Also, in common with all Hindu custom, the slaughter of a cow is almost equivalent to taking human life. This sacredness of the cow had quite a reasonable origin. The value of milk, especially for children, was recognised, and to preserve the supply of this, it was ordered that no cow should be killed. The cow's life was now sacred. But it is evident that there is not sufficient grazing in the land to support unlimited cattle; so cows which were useless were turned out to fend for themselves, and might carry on for years as miserable, living skeletons.

I happened when out shooting to be with a very dear old Hindu gentleman, and we came on an unfortunate cow lying by the road with a broken leg, and the crows actually pecking at it. I stopped the carriage, saying I would shoot the poor beast and put it out of its misery. But my friend got terribly upset, or rather alarmed, saying "For God's sake, please come away at once and do no such thing. If you destroy that animal, I can no longer remain here; the feeling against me for permitting such sacrilege would be more than I could bear."

About Indians I naturally recollect numerous stories, for many of my old Indian comrades, their relatives and others of the highest and lowest ranks scattered throughout India, have been my best and lifelong friends. I rather liked the conclusion of a very long letter from one of the oldest: "I must stop; my pen has become constipated. P.S.—Another fellow has just run away with my wife. My God, I am annoyed."

A very dear old Dogra (Hindu of the Punjab) Chief once wrote to me: "Doubtless I am a well-matured husband and father, for I have now buried five wives and about a dozen children." The exact number was evidently immaterial.

A lady we knew having joined her husband, who held an appointment up on the extreme N.W. frontier of India, was asked by one of her husband's Indian assistants how she liked the life

there. She had to confess it was rather dull at times for there were not more than two or three other English ladies there. He then said: "But Mrs. B. always seemed happy, for she would sit at the piano every day, slowly de-composing for several hours."

Sounds alarming—but after all, it is quite a correct description of what every piano-player has to do, viz., to de-compose.

I had the good fortune to take overseas the large contingent of Indian officers and men (one from every Indian regiment, and two from those of which the King was Colonel-in-Chief) for the coronation of King George V. in 1911. I much enjoyed the voyages from India and back. Every day I used to go round all the men, and have long talks with them about what they were doing; and during the return voyage, about their opinions of England and all they had seen. That they had been really impressed is to put it mildly; they were delighted with the sights, and with the kindness and courtesy they had experienced from everybody. One man told me: "I never knew the correct railway fare, so I would put all my money in my hand, and tell the man to take what was right. He always did so. In some other countries he might have taken the lot."

Passing Aden, I said, as I knew they were all so keen on being granted land, I could get them some near there, in a country where the hens laid eggs larger than cricket balls—referring of course to the ostrich, which they call *shuter-merg* or camel-bird. But there were no takers!

On return to their regiments, I made every Indian officer give a lecture to the men regarding all they had seen, and their impressions of England. I attended all the lectures given in my own command, for I was then G.O.C. at Kohat. A very fine old Sikh officer described most vividly the delights of England, with special emphasis on the *cleanliness* of the streets and the country in general; the grass always green, the houses in good repair and so forth, finishing up with:

"Indeed the whole country is most beautiful. There is no want—all are well-clothed and well-fed, with the result that I often saw old men of 120 walking about the streets."

When I followed him, I said that most of what he had stated was certainly true, but that in England there were plenty of slums and much poverty; also the English population lived to about the

same age as that of India; there might be a few of ninety, and perhaps of 100, at home in their houses.

The Sikh defended himself. He got up and said: "Sahib, you remember Holmes Sahib?" I assented, for that officer had been a well-known wrestler and very strong man in his time. Arjan Singh went on: "Well, Sahib, is it not twenty years since Holmes Sahib retired?" "Yes." "And wasn't he twenty years old when he joined our Paltan (infantry regiment), and did he not serve for twenty years with us?"

To all of this I agreed.

"Then he must be at least sixty now. Yet Holmes Sahib came lately to our camp, held his arm out and told me to hang on to it, and then lifted me off the ground! If a man of sixty could be so strong and active, then all those white-bearded old men I saw in the streets must be at least a hundred-and-twenty."

Excellent deduction! But I think the greatest effect was produced by some of the model farms they saw, including Lord Rothschild's. There were pigs, magnificent creatures in what one might call luxury-sties, with plenty of clean straw. These I showed to some of our Muhammedans, to whom the pig is an unclean animal. After showing them how clean these were, I said I was sure that if the Prophet could have seen such pigs, he would never have pronounced them unclean, but all he could ever have seen of them was as loathsome village scavengers.

But no: all my friends would say of them was: "Nasty, unclean animals."

All the Hindus and Sikhs were naturally enthusiastic on seeing the care we bestowed on their sacred animal—the cow, and were reduced to silence when told of the yield of milk obtained from these wonderful ruminants, compared to the miserable trickle produced by the neglected, underfed cow in India. It is practically only in our military dairy farms that cows are really fed in proportion to their milk yield. In these dairy farms the experiment of mating Shorthorns, Ayrshire, Frisian and Jersey bulls with the Indian cows has been attended with what the Indian considers almost unbelievable results. Equally surprising has been the result of experiments with Indian horses. After importing really good English, Australian and Arab sires, the improvement in the country-bred horse is quite marvellous. I don't know what the swarms of

Mahratta horsemen who followed Sivaji, mounted on their wretched though wiry "tats" would have thought of the fine C.B. of to-day. And these horses are of the same calibre as the one about which my Babu friend gave me the advice: "You should not look a gift horse in face."

But I suppose the horse always remains as described in an essay by another Babu: "The horse is a noble animal, but when excited, he will not always do so!"

Have not many of us found that to be the case with our own noble animals, when we have particularly wanted them to "do so"?

The drinking of beer is always productive of pleasing stories. Personally, I do not take it, which I regret, for I regard it as the Englishman's national drink; but as a Devonshire man I am equally well off with our excellent cider! I remember on one occasion, when a regiment had been away on hard manœuvres for some days, the officers were much looking forward to a cask of beer which had been ordered. As in duty bound, the mess-sergeant gave the colonel the first glass. The good man took a deep pull, only to spring up spluttering with rage. "The beastly stuff's gone sour! Take and throw it away!"

The Adjutant, however, was a more prudent and far-seeing man, and following the sergeant out of the room, he said: "Pity to throw it away. Take it round to the sergeants' mess and give it them, with the officers' compliments."

The next day, meeting the sergeants' mess president, he said he hoped they had liked the beer; and the man replied: "Thank you, sir, it suited us all right."

"What do you mean by *suited* you?"

"Well, sir, we looked at it like this—if it had been a bit better, we shouldn't have had it; and if it had been a bit worse, we couldn't have drunk it."

Evidently a nicely balanced drink! And better, at all events, than the French beer. When I got to France with the Australians in early 1916, I asked one of them how he liked French beer, and got the reply: "I've drunk gallons and gallons and *gallons* of it, and it does me no good."

A good deal better, though, than the awful stuff sold to them in the shops at Cairo, which quite laid the men out; but some

of them would go on drinking it. I asked one of them what it was like, and he said it was absolute poison—but he drank lots of it. Such are the extremes to which human nature can attain when striving for any sort of indulgence; especially after long months of enforced restrictions: or indeed teetotalism, such as we had at Gallipoli, where no alcoholic drink of any sort was obtainable, except perhaps via officers' messes.

Some may perhaps remember the maxims of wise old Hafiz:—

“Four things better than others are:
Horses, and women, and wine, and war.”

At Gallipoli we had only the last-named commodity, so perhaps men may be excused for wishing to indulge in the three former ones when they return to the fleshpots of Egypt or elsewhere.

After all my long years in India, I am really glad to see Indian soldiers when they visit this country, and fall into conversation with them in their own language.

I found that one thing which seemed to please them was to stand on the top of a high escalator at a tube station, and be carried down, only to run at once to the other stair and be carried up—and so on, many times. When they come to visit me at Hampton Court, the great vine, about 150 years old and bearing over 500 bunches of grapes, always filled them with admiration and wonder. But what really delighted them was the Maze. At times I turned parties of about forty Indian officers and men into it, telling them they would find an *ashrafi* (gold mohur) on the seat in the middle for the first man in!

This would be received with cries of joy, and the whole lot would go charging in, shouting to each other, and often finding themselves almost immediately back at the entrance, but they eventually would reach the centre.

Once among our visitors was Subadar Lalbahadur Thapa of the 2nd Gurkhas, who had won the V.C. in North Africa. Having the honour and privilege of being colonel of a Gurkha regiment, I was delighted at being able to greet him with all honour. On one occasion I had to present him, and others of the Indian contingent then in this country from North Africa, to a large audience in one of the London Town Halls. I made Lalbahadur come out

and stand at the front of the platform, and then told him to draw his *kukeri* and show the audience exactly how he used it to destroy his enemies. His exposition, accompanied by blood-curdling shouts, was most realistic, and if it at first alarmed the audience, it afterwards delighted them.

As an example of how very differently things which are accepted as every-day occurrences in one country may be regarded as impossible in another, Lord Kitchener once told me that he had taken to Cairo a servant who had spent his life at Suakim, where he daily saw the fall and rise of the tide. At Cairo he sat patiently by the Nile for many hours, but at last could stand it no longer, and rushed to his master shouting in dismay: "Something awful is happening, the tide has not yet turned, and very soon there can be no water left!"

Contrast with this the story I have already told (*Khaki and Gown*, page 170) of the reaction of the Nepalese envoys to Calcutta on their first view of a tidal river in the Hugli.

When I was commanding the troops at Kohat, I remember watching some Afghans who caught sight of a game of Rugby football for the first time. Never before had they seen Sahibs behave in such a manner—hurling themselves at each other and rolling over in the mud! They could not get over it. Such a game played by them in their own country would very soon be interrupted by the flashing of long knives, and followed by slaughter.

They were almost equally surprised and delighted when I took them into my garden and showed them some turkeys. These were entirely new to them—a turkey-cock "gobbling" and displaying his tail-feathers in glory, filled them with joy. They almost rolled on the ground in their convulsions of merriment. What they would have thought of the glories of a peacock in his pride, I really do not know.

The Afghans terrified the Indian servants. A number of the former have for some years taken on the occupation of pedlars, making a very good living by selling all sorts of articles—under threat of a knife in case of failure to pay.

What faithful fellows they can be, those Indian servants! Some of them were with me throughout the whole length of my Indian service. Of course they can be annoying at times, as everybody

can! I heard a man say to his servant one day: "Oh, go to the devil!" to receive the disarming reply: "I not going? Why Master being in such a hurry?"

But I agree with the retired officer in England, who being asked if he ever wished to return to India, answered: "No. Oh, but Yes. I should like to return if for only one day, to apologise to my Indian servants."

He had evidently not found better elsewhere!

CHAPTER VI

"Characters" in India—General Gouraud, Sir "Jock" Reed, Sir George Reid, General Tucker

AMONG THE MANY "CHARACTERS" I CAME ACROSS IN INDIA, I HAVE already mentioned Sir "Jock" Reed, a real fine Aberdonian, whose downright sayings were well known. I felt that if his first pride was in being an Aberdonian, his second certainly was in commanding the 29th Punjab Infantry. I remember his trying on one occasion to congratulate an officer on his work, and finishing up with: "and if ye'd only been a Scot, ye'd have been a grand mon." On another occasion, his quartermaster told him he had just been asked to sign a receipt for 1,000,000 rounds of ammunition, at a time when the regiment held an important post on the Frontier, where it was essential to have reserve in hand. The quartermaster said he did not feel he could possibly sign without counting it properly. Reed pronounced: "Ye're quite right, mon—I'm glad to see ye're a canny Scot." The indignant officer at once replied: "I'm not a Scotsman, sir; I'm an Irishman——" only to be told: "An Irishman, be damned to ye! go and sign for it at once!"

When commanding the troops in China in 1900, he had the greatest contempt for all "foreigners," and would sweep past their quarter-guards, ignoring them most improperly. On being relieved by Sir O. McCreagh, who fancied himself as a linguist, he said to him: "Mon, if ye ken their lingo, they'll tack ye in, for a certainty." At a combined conference of British and foreign officers, they had a little Jap as interpreter. Sir Jock began with:

"Gentlemen, I have decided—— "on which the Jap jumped up with: "*Monsieur le général a décidé——*" and Reed brought his hand down violently on the little man's head, saying: "Damn it all, mon, I haven't decided anything!"

The final recollection I have of him is that of his coming to see Lord Kitchener on terminating his command, and asking whether he was to receive any further appointment. On Kitchener's reply that he feared there was nothing available, Reed saluted smartly and said:

"Sir, you're quite right—Jock Reed is na mair the man he was, and I'd no employ him mysel."

A real soldierly character, who years since has joined the great majority.

It was always a pleasure to listen to Lord Reading, when Viceroy, talking of his past days. I remember his telling us rather a nice story against himself. When a young barrister, he was cross-examining a small girl, who was giving evidence in a case in which her own father was the prisoner. The young barrister began: "Now, my dear, you tell us that you saw your father at ten o'clock that night, and all the lights had gone out."

"Yes, sir."

"You also say it was a very dark night."

"Yes, sir, very dark."

"Gentlemen of the jury, you will agree it is obviously unnecessary to continue examining this child, who naturally wishes to shield her father, and I think we may let her go."

The witness was on the point of standing down, when a juror asked: "How was it you saw your father when all the lights were out?" and received the prompt reply: "Sir, I had me candle in me hand."

Collapse of the learned Counsel!

I forget whether it was he too who told the story of a good old farmer, who was giving evidence in a case of theft. The judge addressed him. "Now, I want you to tell us the exact words used by the prisoner." The farmer replied: "Well, sir, he said as how he stole the pig——"

"My good man, I have already told you that you must *not* use the third person."

"My lord, there was no third person!"

"Tut, tut," said the judge. "I presume the prisoner said, 'I stole the pig——',"

Witness, horrified: "I assure you, my lord, he never even mentioned your lordship's name!"

Sir George Reid, the first Prime Minister of all Australia, was a wonderful old fellow, around whom many stories circulated. Once, when travelling to Manchester for an important dinner, he lost his suitcase, and hurried to a second-hand shop to see if he could hire some evening clothes, but failed. When speaking at the dinner, and apologising for not being properly dressed, he told them what had happened, and that the shopman had said: "What, let you have a suit to-night? We've hired out all our dress-suits long ago: don't you know Sir George Reid is speaking?"

It became known that he liked being heckled; so occasionally, when it was desired to put him off, there would be a conspiracy of silence, and he would look round half-bewildered, having made some remark which he felt sure must lead to queries and contradiction; and no one said a word!

He was a man with a very large tummy, and one day when speaking in Melbourne, a man in the gallery kept shouting: "What are you going to call it, George?" After a pause, he said: "I had thought of George if it was a boy, and Mary for a girl; but if it's something different, I'll call it after you!"

Nothing more was said.

On another occasion, a very hostile lady pestered him with: "If you was my 'usband, I'd put poison in yer tea!" Sir George waited a bit, and then said: "Stand up, Mrs., and let's have a look at you." She stood up, and after a good look at her, he said: "I'd take it!"

Yet again, during the last war, when young women at times brandished a white feather in the faces of men they thought should be fighting, Sir George was sitting in his car in Piccadilly, with only part of his face showing under his hat, and quite possibly looked a young man. A girl came up and waved a feather at him, saying: "Why aren't you out at the front?" Sir George *toddled* out—he couldn't do much more—and delightedly spreading his hands on his large tummy, said: "Look at me, my dear young lady; I'm *all* out at the front!"

A very young Australian officer, visiting this country for the first time, was advised by Sir George to join a good club. He said at once that he had done so: "I've joined the Blank Club," only to be told: "My dear fellow, you might as well join Waterloo Station!"

I have already mentioned General Tucker, about whom so many stories were told during the South African War. On one occasion, at a Press Correspondents' dinner, the very well-known doyen of the Press, in speaking, said:

"We—the Press—we are the people who now make or mar Generals!"

There may be—and probably is—much truth in this, and if true, it has become more accentuated during the present war, thanks to the large number of accredited correspondents with every column. These are permitted—and possibly encouraged—to word their wires very outspokenly regarding the doings of the Generals with whom they are placed, and so in certain cases may influence their reports considerably. Old Tucker, however, was not taking any, and at once jumped on the speaker.

"I'd rather be buried in a twenty-acre field than be made or marred by a fellow like you!"

Can we see Generals so expressing themselves to-day? I doubt it—yet there may be some.

Other armies probably have their "characters" like ours, though I seldom met such among the French generals. Perhaps General Gouraud, who succeeded d'Amade in command of the French forces at Gallipoli, came very near such a level in his steady outspokenness. Unfortunately, like some others, including I think Foch and Pétain, he always refused to speak English, though all three must have known some.

Gouraud (who lost his arm at Gallipoli, when a heavy shell brought down part of the thick old wall of Sedd-el-Bahr fort right on top of him) was later on responsible for the defence of Rheims, where his courage and resource were of the greatest value. When it looked at one time as if Rheims would fall, Gouraud presented a bottle of champagne from the famous Rheims cellars to each of his men. Later on, after the German defeat, Gouraud was sent in a bill for the champagne, but wisely rightly said: "Nothing doing," or words to that effect. In this he was upheld. I very much appreciated a visit he paid later on to India, long after

the war, and heard with interest his views regarding our Indian troops and our organisation and treatment of them, as compared with the French colonial policy.

An old friend of my early days in India recently sent me extracts from letters written by his Father, a young British serviceman stationed in Northern India in the early 70's—before the second Afghan War. These bring back so vividly life in India as I knew it in my early days that I feel they will be of interest to many who may read this book.

My friend's mother wrote: "It may interest you to hear how we spend a day here (in Rawal Pindi). Get up about seven. Breakfast, cold pigeon pie! John rides off at nine to his musketry instruction. I arrange flowers—take the Khitmatgar's account—send things to the Dhobie—receive the Mali with vegetables—tidy up the room—walk round the garden and do some plain work till twelve, when John may return—then dress up and go out to pay calls!!! Return at two and have lunch—seldom meat—after lunch some native vallah comes with something to sell—chairs, stuffs, tin kettles, etc., and if you buy you are generally half an hour arguing about the price, which is a great bother! Then letters to write or a list of somebody's property for sale to read through, or a horse to be raffled for—the bearer wants me to look at the lamp or charcoal for the filter. At last you order the horses and I get into my habit—someone rides up and tells of a trap for sale—about four we get off to see a polo match or perhaps to the races—or go down to the auctioneers. Home at six and dinner half-past six—later John perhaps reads out extracts from the English papers or we may go out to some entertainment. I am generally tired out and ready for bed by half-past nine!" I am sure the above will bring happy reminiscences to many who may have spent their early days in India thirty, forty or fifty years ago—but life there is much changed now—I wonder if people are any the happier or better for the march of "progress"—I doubt it.

In spite of Minto's efforts the top hat is still worn, though here in England it seems to have nearly died out, except for very special occasions. Will it come into general use? and tail coats for dinner? Most men seem quite happy wearing dinner jackets. My old friend reminded me, too, of an epitaph in the cemetery in Peshawar which is constantly incorrectly quoted

as follows: "Sacred to the memory of the Rev. — who translated the scriptures into the Pushtu tongue and was murdered by his own chowkidar. Well done, then, good and faithful servant." —I may mention that "Pushtu" is the language spoken at Peshawar and a "chowkidar" is the night watchman of the house. The real facts are that there are two graves nearly side by side in the Peshawar cemetery—one to the missionary, the other bearing the inscription "Well done," etc. Their juxtaposition, of course, lead to what was considered a good story and which was generally believed.

CHAPTER VII

Visitors to India after 1918—King Albert of Belgium—Position of Belgium during the Present War—Georges Clemenceau—General de Gaulle—Present Position of France, Russia and England—Income Tax and its Effects

ANOTHER VISITOR TO INDIA AFTER THE WAR WAS A MAN FOR whom I had the greatest respect, as had all who knew him—the late King Albert of Belgium. His Queen accompanied him, and I had the pleasure and privilege of helping to entertain them. Contrary to all custom, they came out before the end of the hot weather, and the King, who was nothing if not informal, took off his coat and waistcoat and proceeded to start on a bicycle ride through Calcutta, to the horror of the local police, who were responsible for his safety. However, as he was quite unknown, he was probably safe enough without a police escort. I remember spending his birthday with him in Delhi, and having the honour of proposing his health, which fortunately remained excellent, then and always, up to the day of his untimely and deeply-regretted death when mountaineering. He insisted on doing a little of this in the hills beyond Simla, where I was to have accompanied him, for I too love mountaineering. At the last moment, however, serious trouble threatened on the N.W. Frontier, and I had to go there.

I had seen much of the King during the war, for towards the end, my 5th Army was alongside the Belgian Army, on the small remaining unoccupied portion of his country. The King was always with his troops. I particularly well remember the day we had turned the Germans out of Tournai, on 18th October,

1918. I had been received with much affection by the Burgomaster, and on leaving went to see General Plumer, then commanding the 2nd Army on my left at Roubaix. There I found the King and Queen, and as they wanted to enter Tournai, I turned back and guided them in. Later, they returned for dinner with me at my Headquarters in Lille, and their son with them, a young cadet, who is the present King Leopold.

After the war, my wife and I visited some of the old battlefields, and when we were in Belgium the King and Queen kindly asked us to tea in the Palace in Brussels. The King arrived late and apologised, saying he was very sorry, but he had had an accident with his aeroplane. I at once said how much we had all admired him during the war, when he was everywhere with his troops; but now that the war was over, we hoped he would not take unnecessary risks by constantly flying all over the place. His answer amused us. "Oh, I do not worry about that; if I saw an accident coming, I would take off my pince-nez and it would be all right!" He was very short-sighted, and always wore glasses.

Not only his own country, but a host of people all over Europe, especially British soldiers, who had seen something of his determined spirit and forceful character during the war, very deeply regretted his death while still an active and fairly young man. I have mentioned how keen he was on mountaineering, and it was while climbing a difficult bit of broken country in Belgium that a projecting rock which he had seized gave way, and threw him into a deep ravine. We all felt his death was a grievous misfortune, though we could not foresee all it was to mean a few years later.

Realising her military weakness after the last war, Belgium (like Holland and Denmark) had observed a policy of strict neutrality, vainly hoping that this would be respected by Germany, and the Belgian territories would remain unviolated. After all that King Albert had seen of Germany from 1914 onwards, it might well have been that he would have insisted on a far greater state of preparedness being maintained. As it was, when the Germans once more ruthlessly invaded Belgian soil, they came apparently as a surprise. The present King at once took the field at the head of his army; but what could he do? By many people he was severely blamed for surrendering when he did; but I believe I am right in saying that his army was so utterly deficient in arms, ammunition and

all the essentials of modern warfare, that the whole Belgian force would have been virtually wiped out of existence, without being able to make any impression worth while on the Germans facing it. It must have been a bitter blow to the son and successor of King Albert to realise the state of complete impotence to which his country had been reduced. Could that great man his father have prevented this?

And too—what a grand old man Clemenceau was! “Oh, for an hour” of those two in 1939! The whole history of the present war might well have been changed—nay, I feel I can say *would* have been—if France had had at the head of her Government just a few MEN. Even one man like Clemenceau, and she would never have surrendered as she did. I had expected much of Weygand, who had been Foch’s right hand; but he probably had his chance too late. It is certainly true that de Gaulle proved himself a real man from ’39 onwards; but at the critical moment he was not in a position to influence any major policy of his country.

I could never help feeling that France showed scant respect for and appreciation of, Clemenceau’s magnificent services, from the moment he took over the reins of government; but his is not the only case we know of in which “a prophet hath no honour in his own country.” However, that is now all past history; and I am sure that every one of us Britons must rejoice at seeing France at last being lifted out of the depth of despair into which she had fallen, to take her place once more, we sincerely hope, among the great nations of Europe.

And for this there can surely be no man to whom more credit is due than the man to whom it is rightly and unhesitatingly given—General de Gaulle, who is daily proving himself to be a really great administrator and leader of his people, as he previously showed himself a fine, intrepid soldier. May he be given health and strength to see his nation once again established as a great country, as free as she is lovely. Her financial regeneration must, I fear, be a long and difficult task, when we remember the terrible, the absolutely brutal way in which she, Holland and Belgium have been denuded of practically everything which the Germans could possibly carry off, or destroy when it could not be removed.

The same must to a large extent apply to Russia, where we know that town after town, village after village, of no military

value, have been utterly destroyed, leaving no shelter whatever for the unfortunate old and very young; men, women and children. Assuredly a great and terrible vengeance will be taken on Germany by the Russians in due course. Only those who have seen for themselves what has been done in this war to the Russians can fully realise their feelings of deep hatred for a people who have shown themselves to be such loathsome barbarians.

Russia, however, is a country of huge natural resources, within her own widespread boundaries, and I feel she will probably surprise the world by the rapidity with which she will recover herself.

We also have suffered, far more than many people know. It is true that we have had the greatest good fortune possible, in the fact that no enemy has been able to land and pollute our soil; and never can we be sufficiently thankful for that strip of deep blue water which parts us from the rest of Europe. Even remembering that with gratitude, we have, of course, lost heavily with the deaths of our people, our men, women and children, with the destruction of several large towns, such as Hull, Coventry and Plymouth; while the National Debt has reached astronomical figures. Figures are dull matters to discuss, though when one comes to income-tax, they bring their weight heavily to bear on all of us. A friend of mine, a very generous owner of large mills in Yorkshire, recently told me that his income-tax and super-tax together come to 19s. 6d. in the pound! Such a state of things seems incredible; and as any such man must of necessity have many unavoidable expenses and commitments, such as large numbers of employees to be paid, one wonders how the nation carries on. Seeing that such taxation on income must compel people to pay current expenses out of capital, one wonders also how long it will take to kill the goose which lays the golden eggs!

As an example, this friend of mine recently had to go to the north of England to give some much-needed advice and assistance regarding a large industrial concern; on the termination of which he was gratefully handed a cheque for £100. This he at once handed back, saying that it represented only £2 10s. od. to him, and that instead of it he would ask for his full travelling and other out-of-pocket expenses.

Quite right, of course; but does not such an incident show

something wrong with the system? There are probably many who say they feel no sympathy for the millionaire who can pay 19s. 6d. income-tax. Perhaps not; but the same tax hits all; and those for whom I have the deepest sympathy are the poor widows of Service officers and men. Very few of such women have any opportunity of adding to their scanty pensions, on which, even before the war, they often found the utmost difficulty in making ends meet. As things are now, they are quite distraught. One's heart bleeds for the many cases of this sort which have come to one's notice, and it has been with a feeling of real thankfulness that I have sometimes found it possible to put them in touch with some Service charity with which I am connected which can and does help in such cases.

Considering that such real and great difficulties are facing so very many people, it is rather surprising to realise the enormous amount of money there is in the country, and often, I am glad to say, in the hands of working men and women. I have lately been privileged to take a leading part (and that in many places) in the campaign to "Salute the Soldier," and I was surprised that we attained so often astounding successes. At Peebles, with a target of £150,000, we actually got double that sum. Both at Stoke-on-Trent and at Plymouth, we got rather over one million and three-quarters; while at Westminster a sum of well over fourteen million was subscribed. Even in the small community of Hampton Court Palace, over £10,000 was collected.

Such, of course, is not all "new money"; but as the Chancellor of the Exchequer told me: "If Smith sells out from his present investments, someone else buys; and you invest again with Government what you receive!"

CHAPTER VIII

Peterhouse, Cambridge

I MUCH WISH I COULD DO JUSTICE TO THE SEVEN REALLY HAPPY years we spent at Peterhouse, Cambridge; all the happier because they came to me so unexpectedly. To an old soldier, who had spent well over five and forty years on service in India and elsewhere, it seemed the last thing one could dream about, to finish one's years of action as a Cambridge Master. It is true that my father was a Peterhouse man, and throughout his life never tired of talking about his happy college days; while his brother, two of my own brothers, and a cousin and a nephew, had all been Peterhouse men and loved the place. I had naturally taken much interest in the College, and more especially when in 1919 the University greatly complimented me by conferring the honorary degree of LL.D., and Peterhouse elected me an honorary Fellow, placing my name on its books. But none of this kindness and honour could possibly lead me to suppose I should one day be Master of that wonderful old College, the oldest in Cambridge, and which both my wife and family were to love so much. I suppose that feeling of attachment comes over one gradually, while unconsciously absorbing the atmosphere and entering into the marvellous tradition built up since the foundation of Peterhouse in the year 1284—quite a time ago!

And that tradition means so much, and always has done so, throughout generations. Dons, professors, undergraduates and college servants were all deeply imbued with it; and I know it remains with them through life, even though many have had only three years' residence in those old buildings.

I immediately realised that I need have no sort of apprehension as to my reception, or as to what my life was to be for seven years among my new comrades. They most cleverly concealed the doubts I can well imagine some of them must have had, with

regard to the advent in their midst of one who must be so entirely unacquainted with University work and customs. All were more than kind, and made me feel at home immediately.

On my part, I naturally strove my hardest to show how fully I appreciated the honour done me, by doing all in my power to throw myself whole-heartedly into College life; to show everybody that I felt I existed for the welfare of the College and all connected with it. I have been told enough to make me hope I may have succeeded; to some extent at all events. I judge not only from the kindness I invariably received from all during my Mastership, but still more from the much-valued tokens of regard given me when (to my regret) my tenure expired by statute. I got addresses signed by all members of the College, and value them highly.

It is, I suppose, correct to say that "Happy is the country which has no history." If one may apply the saying to a College, I can feel that those were happy years for Peterhouse, for things all ran so smoothly and quietly that we had no feelings at all of anxiety about the present—nor, as far as we could see, about the future. Indeed it is true that we were all one large and happy family together. May it ever be so.

Being the small College we were—the smallest as well as the oldest in the University—we had no great opportunities of standing out at the head of the other Colleges in any exalted way; but both in scholarship and games, Peterhouse most fully held its own, as it always will do.

The College was certainly extremely fortunate at that time in having a most competent and entirely devoted body of men as Fellows, one and all of whom had the best interests of the College and undergraduates at heart. I feel it would be invidious to mention names; but I may well refer to the man who was the Senior Fellow when I took up the Mastership—Professor Emery Barnes, of whom one can say that he had spent the greater part of his life at Peterhouse, first as an undergraduate and then as a Fellow (1889 to 1934). He had been Professor of Divinity in the University since 1901 and then became Emeritus Professor.

I am sure that Peterhouse was seldom out of his thoughts, and to me it was a real pleasure to listen to his stories of old College history, which he told with such intense pride, and which he made so full of interest. A man of almost diminutive stature, he was

commonly known as the Pocket Apostle—and I certainly always felt that he was saintly. I always rejoiced when I brought old brother officers into the College (as I frequently did), to be able to confront them with the Professor; who curiously enough, took more interest in details of military history than in almost anything. He could nearly always set my officer friends right on some perhaps quite small military detail, of which they knew little, but which might at the time have had great influence, say, on one of Marlborough's victories.

Alas! to our great regret, the dear little man joined the great majority, some time after he had resigned his professor's chair and left Cambridge. Having been appointed under the old statutes, he could have held his position for life, had he so wished.

It was rather strange that another Barnes (Francis), no relation, and evidently a very different character to the Pocket Apostle, should have been Master from 1788 to 1838, when he died at the age of 95, apparently *not* loved by all, as "Emery" was.

In 1938, to my regret, the tenure of my appointment came to an end by statute, and we left Cambridge. I was succeeded by the Senior Fellow, Harold Temperley, the distinguished historian, who, together with Gooch, had edited the British documents on the origin of the war of 1914. Most unfortunately, he was to hold the position for only a very short time, for he died the following year, a comparatively young man. I was glad to be able to join the whole body of Fellows in paying our last respects to his memory when he was laid to rest at Cherry Hinton church, which we of Peterhouse regard as our own special church, owing to our long connection with it. 'A

He was followed by Paul Vellacott, an old Cambridge Blue, who had for long been the College Tutor, and was held in the highest respect, not only at Peterhouse, but throughout the University. Harrow, however, had wisely selected Vellacott as the headmaster, and it seemed probable he might remain there for many years. On Temperley's death, however, he sacrificed the prospect of Harrow, and on the urgent invitation of the Fellows of Peterhouse, returned to his old love, where all who have the interests of the College at heart will hope he may remain for many years.

I regret that I cannot talk at any length about each and all of the real good men and good friends among my comrades as Fellows.

I might, however, mention Ernest Barker, a North Country man who by sheer ability, drive and (shall I say?) versatility, had established a great place and reputation for himself wherever he had been—and he had been at Oxford, London and Cambridge Universities. He was a really kind-hearted man, who seemed to find very few subjects on which he could not talk with ease; and the more fluently he spoke, the more did he let his listeners realise that he came from the North Country.

Outside my own College, too, we made many good friends in Cambridge. Perhaps the personalities who most impressed themselves on me were the *past* and the *present* Masters of that great College, Trinity. Sir J. J. Thomson, familiarly known as "J.J.," was one of the really great scientists in the country, whose knowledge and resource were of immense value during the last war. On his death, Sir George Trevelyan took his place—a very delightful personality. As Regius Professor of History, and one can surely say, *facile princeps*, he is well known throughout the Empire for his historical works. In the field of history, it is nice to remember that Temperley has now been followed by Herbert Butterfield as Professor of Modern History.

The social life of Cambridge appealed to us greatly, including the pleasant dinner-parties at the different colleges; where talk, food and wine would have satisfied any epicure. The present war has probably brought changes in that respect; but during the years we were there, the "Feasts" and social dinners were not things of the past. We had the good fortune to find many people we knew, living in Cambridge or the neighbourhood, and we fully enjoyed our opportunities of meeting old friends and making new ones, and entertaining them in our Lodge, which I still regard as one of the most beautiful of the many fine houses I have had the good fortune to occupy in the course of my career.

A good deal of entertaining was always going forward in Cambridge, both in formal and informal ways. There were At Homes, garden parties in the charming grounds of the various colleges, where the ladies would appear in lovely frocks, quite eclipsing even the Doctors' scarlet gowns. They had not to expend (or waste) any coupons on them.

Naturally, we always enjoyed most the parties given in the sweet old garden of Peterhouse, where the mellowed brick walls

of our College made a perfect background. On one or two occasions plays were acted in the grounds, and Shakespeare seemed to be in his right setting.

We were always pleased, too, to get a few undergraduates to our Lodge every Sunday. We liked to think that they seemed to enjoy coming. It certainly gave me the opportunity I wanted of getting to know the young men, and letting them realise that the Master's first thoughts were for their interests. I have since made a point, when possible, of following their careers; and I am glad to say they still write to me, knowing I am interested to hear of their doings, their fortunes and their hobbies.

Of the beauties of Cambridge, many far abler pens than mine have written. The "backs" in springtime—the sheets of purple and yellow crocuses—the daffodils, with the peaceful river passing through—the glory of King's College Chapel—are all unforgettable pictures. No wonder many of Cambridge's old college inhabitants continue to live on there when their connection with the University are ended.

Of King's College Chapel it is difficult to write without appearing to exaggerate. Surely it is one of the most perfect specimens of perpendicular architecture in the world? I certainly have seen nothing to match it: it has a serenity and beauty all its own, and we may all be thankful indeed that the war has left it undamaged. Its beautiful windows (contemporary with the building), have, of course, been removed for safety. I think I am right in saying the Chapel was founded during the reign of Henry VII and completed in Henry VIII's reign, and it has one of the finest choirs in the country. I lay no claim to being musical myself; but I always enjoyed listening to those Christmas carols, and can almost see the red-gowned choir-boys by the soft light of candles, which have not been removed, thank goodness, for any electric plant, and which seem to enhance the height of the vaulted roof without revealing it. The sweet treble voices go soaring up to sing their message of peace and good will to mankind—to all mankind who will receive it.

But to me, naturally, Peterhouse and its buildings will ever remain quite easily first and foremost of everything in Cambridge. It could not be otherwise, when I look back on the years of comradeship and the invariable kindness I met with, which could always be counted upon, as I knew so well, from the Fellows of

my College, and all connected with it. Among other privileges enjoyed by the Master was the occupation of the really beautiful Lodge, exactly opposite the College with the Trumpington Road between them. This was a Queen Anne period house—perhaps quite the best period for dwelling-houses—built in 1702. In old times, the Master was rather inadequately and inconveniently—certainly to the Fellows—lodged in quarters adjoining the Hall. Indeed it was considered improper that he should be actually outside the College building. However, in his will of 1725—Dr. Charles Beaumont, Fellow of Peterhouse, bequeathed this house to the College. It was occupied by the Master in 1727, and has been so ever since, to the great dignity and delight of all succeeding Masters.

As I have just remarked, by no means the least pleasant part of Cambridge was the social life, giving all opportunities of meeting members of all Colleges, as well as Cambridge residents in—I know I can say—an atmosphere of real friendship. Social activities would seem to reach a climax with the conclusion of the College boat races in the “Mays”—which curiously enough were really in June. Trinity as by far the largest College seemed to lead in gaiety with their large annual ball, and other Colleges mostly had balls but not perhaps every year. On the feast of Corpus Christi, the college of that name, I remember, used annually to hold a delightful reception in the Master’s garden, which was always most tastefully decorated and lighted. During our time the Master was Will Spens, and he and his wife made quite ideal host and hostess—the latter especially making all the young people really happy by her kindness and attention. The Master has since become “Sir Will” and has been proving himself a very efficient Regional Commissioner for the Eastern Area since the commencement of the war—his College must I know be longing for his release and return to Cambridge duties. But throughout the week the greatest interest focused on the river with boat races day after day—boats “bumping” and being “bumped” as they climbed up or dropped down in their places on the river. *What* a really wonderful time those three years can be for any and every undergraduate if he makes up his mind—as I am glad to know the great majority do—to take full advantage of their privileges—all too fleeting, both in work and play of what must be for many their last free years before having to settle down to the solid and so

often very hard business of earning their daily bread, and we hope in due course bringing more honours to their old Colleges.

An undergraduate in whom I naturally took much interest was the present Lord Kitchener, for he is my godson. On the great Lord Kitchener's death, the title went to his elder brother, Colonel Henry Chevalier Kitchener. His only son "Toby"—Viscount Broome, a Naval Officer—unfortunately predeceased his father, so the title came to his son Henry Herbert, a Trinity undergraduate in our time. Since those days he has, of course, "joined up" and is now a Lieutenant in the Royal Corps of Signals at present in Italy. His younger brother Charles is in the same Corps. Henry, I am glad to say, was selected by our present King to be one of His Majesty's Pages at his Coronation, together with the present Lord Jellicoe. And what a wonderful ceremony the Coronation is with all its old-time customs dating back for hundreds of years. I had the good fortune to be present on the occasions of the Coronations of King Edward VII, George V, and George VI, while with many others I had fully anticipated taking part in that of Edward VIII, but that was not to be, and that is quite another story. At King Edward's Coronation on 9th August, 1902, I took part as a Staff Officer to Sir Ian Hamilton who was in command of all the Yeomanry and Volunteers in London. The former were represented by three officers and ten men from every regiment in the country and the latter by 4,700 men made up of drafts from nearly every Regiment of Volunteers.

CHAPTER IX

State Functions in England—Poincaré and Clemenceau

WHEN A.D.C. TO THE KING, AND LATER AS GOLD STICK, I ATTENDED many great State functions. As a boy at Clifton College, and a very enthusiastic member of the School Cadet Corps, I had been proud to form part of parades before Queen Victoria, first when she visited Bristol, and later at a grand review of Volunteer units from all over England, held in Windsor Park in 1880. But I never had the honour of being presented to Her Majesty. I was in

South Africa, on Lord Kitchener's staff, when the great Queen died, in January, 1901.

The following year, on the conclusion of the war in South Africa, I was in England for a short time, before going out to India again on Kitchener's staff.

Before leaving for India, King Edward commanded Lord Kitchener—and those members of his staff who had been with him in South Africa and were shortly leaving for India also—to Buckingham Palace on 13th October. He presented each of us with the King's South African Medal. I was much touched when he said to me: "I am very glad to know you are to be with Lord Kitchener in India."

King Edward had the highest regard—indeed, I might say affection—for Kitchener, and always summoned him to Court when he came to England. When Kitchener returned from India, the King was ill; but Kitchener was at once sent for, and presented with his Field-Marshal's baton. Dreadful to relate, he managed to leave it in the King's bedroom, where he had been received, and it was with considerable trepidation that he later on realised this, and had to get an Equerry to retrieve it.

To my great regret, I was never to see King Edward again, for I remained in India till 1910, and only returned to England just before the King's death in May of that year. During his comparatively short reign of nine years, King Edward had deeply endeared himself to the people of his great Empire, and his death at the age of 69 came as a heavy blow to all. In the provinces, the day was remembered for years after as the Black Whitsun. The news came through on Saturday; Monday was Bank Holiday and glorious May weather; the countryside one mass of buttercups and hawthorn hedges—but every person to be seen was in mourning! Even the men wore at least arm-bands, and what became of the gorgeous raiment which the women and girls had prepared for Whit-Monday was never known. George V was proclaimed King at St. James's Palace by the Earl Marshal, the Duke of Norfolk, on 10th May. On the 17th the body of King Edward was conveyed from Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey, where it lay in state.

It is curious how details remain in one's memory. I was then an A.D.C. to the King, and on the day of the funeral had driven to the Palace with Kitchener, who for the first time was wearing

his new Field-Marshal's uniform, and as it looked like rain, he had put on his cloak. Outside the Palace we met Lord Roberts and, as no one else was cloaked, I suggested to Kitchener that I should leave his cloak in Sir Dighton Probyn's room. Kitchener would not have this, and told the taxi-driver to meet us at the Abbey after the ceremony, and bring the precious cloak with him. As I anticipated, there was a terrible crush outside the Abbey, and no sign of the taxi. As we stood there, Sir Ian Hamilton, then Adjutant-General, brought General Codrington, who was commanding the troops on parade, and said: "This is General Codrington, who is responsible for all the arrangements here to-day." The General would naturally expect to be complimented; but was received with: "Oh, is he? Well, I've lost my taxi!" Poor Kitchener could think of nothing but his precious new cloak.

On the 20th, the late King's body was conveyed from the Abbey to Windsor. On this occasion, all the King's A.D.C.s, who included a large number of Yeomanry and Territorial officers, marched on foot in front of the gun-carriage. Many were quite elderly gentlemen, who for years could hardly have been called upon to take such foot-exercise; certainly not in full-dress uniform! It was therefore only natural that the dressing, etc., of our little detachment should not have been perfect; nor was strict silence maintained. We marched from the Abbey to Paddington, and on arrival at Windsor marched from the station to the Castle. It may be remembered that at Queen Victoria's funeral the Artillery horses had refused to face the hill up to the Castle, and bluejackets had taken their place. At King Edward's funeral it had been wisely decided that bluejackets should take on this duty at once on arrival at Windsor.¹

Two figures I remember well on that occasion—the Emperor William II, and King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who was one of the eight Kings present. The Emperor had had his own charger brought over, a very fine-looking, upstanding white horse, on

¹ NOTE.—On the former occasion, there was a bitter frost and the horses were cold and restive with more than two hours' waiting. The Guards themselves were cold enough. One of them was heard to aver that Queen Alexandra was a real lady, and he would fight for her all his life, for he had overheard her say: "Ain't them poor blokes 'ad no grub yet?"

which he looked very well in the procession. I believe that on this occasion of his Uncle's funeral his behaviour was in all respects proper.

Ferdinand of Bulgaria was unlike him in appearance, and evidently an indifferent horseman. All the troops lining the streets naturally presented arms as the cortège approached, and returned to the slope when the gun-carriage had passed. This happened just when King Ferdinand's section was going by; and on each occasion his horse gave a violent start, which resulted in the rider claspng it round the neck, getting very red in the face, and evidently very angry. King George, noticing this, at once gave orders to Ian Hamilton to pass the word along for all troops to remain at the present till the whole Royal cortège had passed. But orders are carefully given and explained beforehand, and it is very difficult to get them altered at the last moment by merely passing the word along. Consequently, poor King Ferdinand had to "continue the motion" as far as Paddington, and there did not seem many to sympathise with him!

Another royal ceremonial in which I was privileged to take part as Gold Stick in Waiting on the King was in November, 1934, on the occasion of the marriage of the Duke of Kent to the Princess Marina of Greece and Denmark. On that day our King and Queen, and the Kings and Queens of Denmark and Norway respectively, were present. After the ceremony at Westminster Abbey, where my wife accompanied me, came the rites of the Greek Church, performed in the chapel at Buckingham Palace; very interesting, if rather long. Crowns were held over the heads of bride and bridegroom, and they went in procession three times round the altar, which had been brought forward in order to facilitate this. Another point was that the bridesmaids carried lighted candles. The whole ceremony was most impressive, and both the Duke and his bride looked so satisfactorily happy.

It was indeed with deep regret that we—all of us who knew them—heard of the Duke's death in an aeroplane accident in August, 1942. Fortunately he left sons behind him—two small princes.

I think both the Duke and Duchess were by nature shy, and like many other people, did not enjoy Court ceremonies; and consequently, perhaps, they were not easy to know well. After

his marriage, I had the privilege of meeting the Duke on many occasions, and in June, 1940, he represented the King at the centenary celebrations in Portugal. Admiral of the Fleet Lord Chatfield and I were deputed to accompany him. We flew from Plymouth to Lisbon and I have no hesitation in saying that the Duke's bearing throughout—his graciousness and attention to all—ensured the success of our mission to Britain's "oldest ally." It is on such occasions, when in daily contact, that one really gets to know and value a man's worth.

The two great royal ceremonies I remember best are the coronations of George V in 1911, and that of his second son, George VI, in May, 1937. I was commanding the Frontier Brigade at Kohat in 1911, and was very glad when the King commanded that his four A.D.C.s of the Indian Army (Mellis, Stewart, Carey and myself) should be sent home to take part in the ceremony. Lord Kitchener was in charge of all the military details of the day, and all went off splendidly, without a hitch, in spite of Kitchener's temporary loss of the diamond star jewel of his G.C.S.I.

The coronation was followed by a magnificent naval review in Southampton Water, in which 167 British ships took part. We thought the few foreign ships, one from each nation, did not show to advantage! I was on board H.M.S. *Dufferin*, with the whole Indian contingent of some 250 men. Very few of them, if any, had ever seen even one battleship before, so the sight of this mighty fleet filled them with wonder and awe as we steamed through the two great lines, following the King and Queen, who sailed in the Royal Yacht, *Victoria and Albert*. At night the whole fleet was illuminated, and was indeed a grand sight.

In later years, I had the honour to be in attendance on King George V on many occasions, and my admiration and affection for him ever increased. It was indeed a sad day, and a great blow to the whole of his vast Empire, when on 20th January, 1936, His Majesty passed away. Once more I had the sad duty of attending a King's funeral, and on 28th January I followed the body of King George V from Buckingham Palace to St. George's Chapel at Windsor, where he sleeps in peace beside his royal father.

Edward Prince of Wales succeeded his father as Edward VIII, but less than one year was to elapse before he renounced his great position—the greatest in the world. He was succeeded by his

next brother, the Duke of York, who took his oath before the Privy Council in St. James's Palace on 12th December, 1936, and I attended the new King as Gold Stick in Waiting. A few months later, during the absence through illness of our senior Field-Marshal, the Duke of Connaught (who had presented his baton to Edward VIII) I had the privilege of presenting his to the new King, in the presence of my brother Field-M Marshals.

On 12th May following, King George VI and Queen Elizabeth were crowned, and once more I rode behind the Sovereign's carriage. Again, as at the previous coronation, the weather was kind—at least, until we got back fairly close to the Palace. The whole ceremony was splendid.

King George VI, during the short space of his nine years' reign (which we all pray may continue for many years longer), has succeeded in endearing himself to his people, and proving himself to be a truly constitutional monarch, which is what our Empire requires.

The difference in form between certain Governments was once shortly and aptly defined as follows: "In Great Britain, the King reigns but does not rule; in the United States, the President rules but does not reign; in France the President neither reigns nor rules."

This brings me to think of France during the last war. Poincaré, the President, certainly did not rule. What was most effectually done towards the end, to the great benefit of France and her Allies, was done by the Premier, Georges Clemenceau. Of Poincaré I never saw very much; but after my 5th Army had relieved Lille, the President paid us a visit. I had, of course, provided a Guard of Honour, which he hardly looked at, apparently simply brushing past it; and adopting the same attitude towards all the joyful acclamations and enthusiastic welcomes of the people of Lille. He gave the impression of being entirely cold and impersonal, and in consequence did not appeal at all to the people. The great old Clemenceau, who came a few days later, was very different, and out to show how fully he appreciated all that the British Army had done for his country. As we drove into and through Lille, the streets were crowded with deliriously delighted people, who rushed at our motor and at Clemenceau, the girls crying: "*Embrassez-moi!*" which the old man did, but adding: "*Monsieur le*

général anglais aussi!" and I was in for it. His tour through the city was a complete triumph, and he enjoyed it.

I believe the following story about this old friend of mine is true:

During Clemenceau's last illness, he was cared for by the Augustinian Sisters at their Nursing Home, and knowing that the end was near, he said to the Superior: "You and your nuns have been very good to me, and my word still goes for something: what can I do for you?" She answered very properly that nothing would please them more than that he should make his confession and receive Extreme Unction, etc. Now Clemenceau's attitude to the chaplain hitherto had been that of a cat which hears a dog outside the door. "You ask a good deal," he said; "give me the night to think it over."

The next morning he sent for the Superior, who was not far off, and fixing her with his wicked old eye, began: "Believe me or not, Mother Superior; but I died last night, and found myself at the gates of Paradise. St. Peter was there with his keys, and he said: 'Oh, you are Clemenceau; yes, we know all about you. You can't come in; you must go back and make your confession.'

"I said: 'O great Saint, I am an old man; I can't go back all that long way. Send out a priest, and I will make it here.'

"St. Peter hummed a good deal, and said it was very unusual, but he went into Paradise, and I sat down. He was a long time gone, and then:

"Monsieur Clemenceau, je regrette—il n'y en a pas!"

"So I had to come back, Mother Superior, and here I am. Send in your priest . . . and tell him what I have told you!"

Probably she did nothing of the kind; but the priest came in, and all went well.

Some days after Clemenceau's visit to Lille, I held a big march-past of as many men of my Army as could be spared from duty. All were received with the utmost enthusiasm and delight by the whole people. Lille City did me the honour of conferring on me the title of "Citoyen de Lille," and presented me with a beautiful little silk flag with the arms of the city embroidered on it. My headquarters remained in Lille till the end of the war, and after the Armistice the King honoured me by staying a few days with us, bringing with him the Prince of Wales and Prince Albert,

later King George VI. The people of Lille were just as enthusiastic as our British troops; nothing could exceed their enjoyment in welcoming our King really wholeheartedly; and he appreciated it. While he was with me, I drove him to Tournai, where, in the fine Norman cathedral, he was the first King of England to sign the book of registers since Henry VIII did so in 1514.

Some years later, when I commanded the Northern Army in India, it was a real pleasure to be able to welcome old Clemenceau to Rawalpindi for a few days, and to show him something of the Northern Army and the Panjab, which I knew so well. I always felt that as years went on, France never seemed adequately to show the old man the gratitude and honour due to him. He came to her aid with his saving devotion and powerful work at a time when both were badly needed.

The Fall of Singapore

The fall of Singapore came as a very great blow and perhaps equal surprise to the people of this country. Naturally, few could know very little or indeed anything of details, but many realised that very large sums had been expended on its defences. Singapore after destruction by the Japanese in the middle of the fourteenth century remained practically a desert until the genius of Sir Stamford Raffles recognized its potential value and in 1819 obtained a lease of the island from the then Sultan of Johore. The cession of the island in perpetuity was obtained in 1824.

Later on when Australia and New Zealand became developed and much traffic passed through the Malay States it was realised what strategic importance must attach to such a commanding sea avenue—British troops were stationed there in small numbers until in more recent years the garrison was increased and a naval base was established but for a considerable time not fully fortified. Indeed when Ramsay MacDonald's Government came into power in 1924 we had doubts as to whether further expenditure on the works then in hand were justified. After full consideration, however, and probably much influenced on the urgency of the views of the Australian and New Zealand Governments, both of whom were prepared to contribute liberally to ensuring Singapore should be converted into a fine naval base—orders were issued for

the fortifications as planned to be completed. These plans were primarily for a strong naval base, which could meet all the demands of a very powerful fleet and to form the headquarters of such a fleet which, of course, necessitated the instalment of heavy coast artillery defences.

On the fall of Singapore many very severe and often uninformed criticisms were raised. It was asked why a great glacis on the mainland (opposite the causeway about three-quarters of a mile in width) had not been made—why active patrolling on either side of the Malay Peninsula by motor or steam boat armed with machine guns, etc., had not been carried out, and why an adequate Air Force had not been sent to Malaya to operate if necessary from the island of Java, and such criticisms may still have to be answered. I feel sure, however, that the local authorities were not caught “napping”, and that they did their best with the very limited means at their disposal—for we must never forget that our great danger was in Europe and nothing could be sent to the Far East which could jeopardise the safety of these Islands. The powerful battleships *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse* had been sent out, but there was only a very limited force of smaller fighting ships or indeed of any craft to tackle enemy landings. Such were made in Thailand and on the Malay-Thai border and were vigorously opposed by the British troops despatched north for the purpose and far from being taken by surprise very heavy losses were inflicted on the attacking Japanese, who were only saved by the powerful covering-fire of their own ships. While the very few British bombers available attacked and sank several Japanese craft. Admiral Phillips, who, unfortunately, had only a very small destroyer escort, gallantly decided to take *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse* up along the North East coast in the hope of getting well among the transports and very large amount of Japanese shipping covering and disembarking their troops. He well realised the serious risk he took, but like a gallant sailor he felt justified in doing so—and had he succeeded it is very possible Singapore would not have fallen. The Japanese preponderance in air power on the spot was the deciding factor throughout the Malayan fighting. They lost heavily as long as the R.A.F. had any force with which to oppose, but with characteristic Japanese recklessness they suffered very heavy losses in their determination to attain command of the air as they did. On the ground our troops were far outnumbered by the Japanese, who could always

replace worn-out troops by new divisions, while relief for our troops was impossible. Our casualties through all the heavy fighting in the dense Malayan jungle were terrible. British, Australian, Indian and Gurkha Regiments alike which went into action about 800 strong, came out with perhaps only 100 men. And the same was the case with the Malay Regiment which fought splendidly alongside all our other troops. In such fighting and in such country the Jap certainly has one advantage—he can and did often disguise himself, or, perhaps I should say, can appear as an inhabitant of the country without disguise, and live on the country.

Let us hope that a true and detailed history of the Malay fighting will appear before long. This is indeed most essential, for many of us have heard disparaging remarks about our countrymen and women based on no evidence whatever. Also many of us who know full well what the attitude and courage of the peoples of our race are, especially may I say when faced with danger and in the midst of hordes of Asiatics, long to hear the true official account, for we feel quite confident such will vindicate those who had the misfortune to be in Singapore through those terrible days.

CHAPTER X

Lord Kitchener—Interpreters—Value of a Field-Marshal—Old Officers and Their Ways

LORD KITCHENER, AFTER LEAVING WOOLWICH AS A CADET, HAD GONE to Paris "on his own," joining up with the French troops, during the Franco-Prussian war of 1870. Incidentally, he received the 1870 French War Medal in 1913! At the time, however, he nearly got into serious trouble for what was regarded as a breach of discipline. He was recalled to England, and had up before "the Duke," who severely reprimanded him. However, he finished by saying: "I should have done the same thing myself." At the time, Kitchener had left the R.M.A., but had not actually been gazetted to R.E., so he might perhaps be considered a free lance. He had previously

been at school in France, and these early associations probably accounted for the affection he always maintained for France and her people.

I like to think of what it would have meant for him had he only been spared to see the end of the war in 1918, and rejoice in the victory of his own beloved country and France together. It was, of course, natural that even though serving almost all his life abroad (as, incidentally, I too have done), his great and lasting love was for England—and so say all of us! When he returned to this country after giving up the command in India, one of his first absorptions—and he was a man who got thoroughly absorbed in any particular object on which he was for the time engaged—was to find a suitable house in England wherein to settle. I had left his staff when he quitted India, but happened to be at home on leave at the time; so he took me off prospecting over many parts of England, from Devon to Kent. Not far from Canterbury, to his immediate delight, he came across Broome Park, and at once decided to purchase it.

It was no good pointing out practical drawbacks. The last couple to view Broome Park had been “put off” when the lady noticed the distance between kitchen and dining-room, and pronounced that the service must necessarily be bad and everything cold which should be hot. No such difficulty disturbed Lord Kitchener; that was for the servants to overcome. He wanted a fine house, with beautiful rooms for entertaining, and in which he could spread out his lovely collections of china, foreign arms, and such things. In earlier days he had been just as enthusiastic in collecting postage-stamps, coins, and so forth, as he now was in the business of acquiring a good house. How I should have loved to see him occupying Broome for many years of well-deserved leisure and happiness after all the strenuous years in which he never spared himself, working in distant lands all over the world!

Inscrutable fate decided otherwise, and this last great wish of his was not to be fulfilled. To the deep grief of the whole nation and Empire, Kitchener found a watery grave off the coast of Scotland in June, 1916.

He had much appreciated working with Asquith during the war. He had formerly always maintained he would never enter the

War Office, and had said so very emphatically; yet when war came in Europe in 1914 he had no alternative, for not only Asquith and his Government wanted him, but the whole nation, with no uncertain voice, positively demanded his presence there.

He was actually at Broome, working on his beloved property, and *en route* for Egypt, to resume the High Commissionership, when urgent orders brought him back, very reluctantly, to London. He started at once on the great work which was to occupy him till his death. Perhaps he regarded the Kitchener Army as his culminating creation, and I have always felt that it was only his name and mighty prestige which enabled that huge voluntary force to be raised so expeditiously and willingly as it was.

It seemed that want of arms and equipment were the real limiting factors, before compulsory service was later introduced. Kitchener himself had been a supporter of voluntary service, as long as that could meet our needs; but directly that service proved insufficient, he advocated compulsion wholeheartedly, in the vital interest of the State, and indeed for its salvation.

A good story always appealed to Kitchener, and he rather liked the remark about Asquith—"What a great man he would be, if he only had the courage of his wife's convictions!" And though he could not relate a Scotch story well, he liked telling of the unco' guid Scots body, to whom someone said one day: "I believe you think no one will be saved but yourself and the minister," to which she replied: "There are times when I'm no sae sure aboot the meenister."

Kitchener's very Cockney chauffeur amused him much when describing a certain officer's demeanour. "When he sees me of a morning he looks at me like as if he thought I might be owing him money." He had Indian stories too: one about a Lascar who was on trial in this country. The judge asked if there was anyone in Court who could interpret for him, and a planter who was present volunteered to do so. After the conviction, which was upon overwhelming evidence, the Judge turned to the Hindu with the customary paternal: "Prisoner at the bar, it is with the greatest regret that I find a man from a distant country like yours before me, charged with the crime of which you have rightly been found guilty. The sentence the Court awards you is not severe, but it is essential that you should be reminded that all are equal

before the law——” etc., etc. “I sentence you to three months’ imprisonment.”

The good planter, who evidently did not believe in mincing words, interpreted to the prisoner with: “Listen, you son of a low-bred woman. Three months’ imprisonment. Get out of this!”

The astonished Judge asked if the planter had interpreted all he said, to be told: “Certainly, my lord.” All the Judge could do was to ejaculate: “Dear me, what a very comprehensive language Hindustani must be!”

But other nations too are possessed of nice language facilities. A British soldier was recently trying to find a seat in a very crowded train, and noticed what looked like one, on which a woman had placed her small dog. The soldier asked if the seat were taken, and was told very snappily that it was; on which he silently picked up the dog and put it carefully in the corridor. An American soldier in the carriage voiced the feelings of all by pronouncing: “Good for you, sir! But you made two mistakes; you slung the wrong bitch out of the wrong window!”

It was just like American rapidity!

The Chinese are less expeditious in their methods, if we may judge from the following story of one of their civil wars. A Marshal was captured, and his side badly wanted him back. Negotiations for exchange were opened, fifty subalterns being offered for the Marshal. Nothing doing. Then twenty captains were added to the offer, which was subsequently augmented by ten majors, a few colonels and even general officers being thrown in. No effect, and the direct question was put: “What do you really want?” The reply was that further consideration was necessary, and this went on till ultimately the ransom fixed for the Marshal was: “Ten cases—not tins—of preserved milk!”

I have ever since been interested to know what the value of a Field-Marshal really is, in the eyes of the world. It is possible that this may not correspond with either the value in China or perhaps in the Marshal’s own opinion!

I think there were few who did not chuckle, either inwardly or outwardly, when reading the very downright remarks made by our Prime Minister in reply to heckling in the House regarding the

difficult situation in Greece. As always, he hit straight from the shoulder; and hearing him, my mind went back to other hard-hitting old soldiers. The first was an episode of just one hundred years ago, when that great fighter Sir Charles Napier was C.-in-C. in India. Aspersions had been made in the Indian Press on a Scottish regiment—the 72nd Seaforth Highlanders—regarding their alleged heavy drinking. In those days (1844) there was published in India a paper known as the *Delhi Sketchbook* purporting to be an Indian *Punch*: much the size of our *Punch*, and illustrated. Sir Charles was caricatured in this as saying good-bye to the Highlanders before leaving India, and in refuting the accusation made, said: “The low, lying papers of India are enough to break any soldier’s heart; but they can never break mine, and they may go to —;” and the hoary warrior shook his locks! Incidentally, he is shown as wearing long hair, and a straggly beard which might be said to run round his face. But imagine the C.-in-C. of to-day indulging in such a tirade!

Talking of Sir Charles Napier a hundred years ago reminds me of another distinguished Highlander whom I have recently mentioned—Sir Ian Hamilton. He has a facile pen and tongue also. When in Japan, many years ago, he was served by a pretty little Geisha girl, and had with him an interpreter who was evidently of the same calibre as the planter who interpreted at the Hindu’s trial. Sir Ian, through this man, asked the girl’s name, to be told it was “Sparrow,” and he broke out with enthusiasm: “Oh, you beautiful bird! You are so lovely, I wish you could be put in a golden cage and travel all round the world with me!” When this was translated, the girl tossed her head and left the room, on which a man who was sitting near came over to Sir Ian and said: “I say, you need not have been so unkind to that girl!”

Sir Ian disclaimed with indignation any idea of unkindness, and told the man what he had said. The reply was: “Well, what your interpreter said was, ‘As you are a bird, you ought to be shut up in a box!’” The unfortunate Sir Ian’s polished sentence had gone in the wind, and the unfortunate girl had vanished also. How dangerous an interpreter can be!

That real good fellow, the British soldier, is not a great believer in flowery language. It was rather nice to hear a sergeant one day reproving a man for crossing a forbidden piece of land, and when told by the man that he had received the captain’s

verbal orders to do so, countering with: "Let me see them verbal orders."

What more was to be said?

Much the same sort of mentality evidently is also the privilege of the British soldier's wife.

While engaged in fire-fighting duties lately, my daughter had to help in extricating a poor woman from her bombed house: she was asked where her husband was so that he might be informed of his wife's safety. The reply received was: "The dirty coward he is away fighting in Italy!" The reaction of people in such circumstances is quite interesting.

Another case we came across was of a good woman who got fearfully agitated when two or three bombs fell near and screamed to her husband: "Can't you do something about this?": to get the very stolid reply: "I wish I could but I haven't even got a butterfly net!" Very comforting!

I remember many years ago an example of how the medical officer can "pull the leg" of the layman. We were up on the N.W. Frontier of India on service, and the colonel of a certain regiment was very anxious about his health and kept worrying the medical officer about real or imaginary pains in various parts of his body. At last the M.O. said "I've been thinking of your case and I feel you are suffering from endometritis." The Colonel gasped but was somewhat comforted on being told it was not dangerous or catching! However, he was really unhappy and very doubtful about the ability of the young M.O., so decided to consult a senior M.O. at an early opportunity; this he did, and when he explained the disease from which he was suffering the senior M.O. became convulsed and asked: "Do you know what that is?" When he explained it meant "inflammation of the womb" it was the colonel's turn to collapse, and probably this very delicate manner of realising he was just an old woman did him all the good in the world.

In one way and another one often hears amusing stories of the medical profession. I remember my old father-in-law telling me when he was a boy—about the year 1850—his father was very ill. They lived at Thurlby in Lincolnshire, very much in the country, miles from anywhere. Two big London specialists were called in to see him, and the good village practitioner drove them over in his dogcart. After consultation, he drove them back to the village.

When he asked "the boy," who did everything from cleaning knives to gardening: "Have any of my patients been to see me during my absence? he received the reply: "No, sir, only old Mrs. Brown who come along with a terrible pain in her stomach, so I give'd her 2d. out of the barrel and she be all right again now!" Imagine the delight of the London doctors, who could hardly contain themselves, and the humiliation of the local practitioner who must have realised he was getting 2d. instead of the large sum charged by his London fellow scientist to a fastidious London patient.

CHAPTER XI

Frontiersmen and Their Customs—Ziarats—Fighting Classes of the Indian Army: Sikhs, Muhammedans, Mahrattas, Gurkhas

THE N.W. FRONTIERSMEN THINK MORE, AND PROBABLY DREAM MORE, about their beloved rifles than about anything else, for on these rifles their lives may depend almost daily, and the extraordinary cleverness with which a frontiersman can steal a rifle from troops marching through his country has to be seen to be believed. Two or three rifles may be removed during the night from a tent full of soldiers, without a man being awakened.

Dotted about the N.W. Frontier are sacred spots known as Ziarats, and there men can deposit anything they wish—food, forage for their horses and cattle, clothes—knowing the goods will be in safety. I once asked a Turi orderly of mine if he felt he could leave his rifle safely at a Ziarat. He thought for a bit, and then said: "Well, I am sure a Shiah would not touch it, but I wouldn't trust a Sunni!" I may mention that the Turis are all Shiahs; an island of such, surrounded by many Sunnis in the Kurram Valley.

The late Sir Robert Sandeman was very wise in his dealing with these men. At one time, a "jirga" of representatives drawn from several sub-tribes who were always at feud with one another, came to interview him. He was writing in his tent, and sent for one of the leaders, and on the man appearing told him as usual to sit down. He himself went on writing for half an hour, and then said: "Does your parrot talk?" The stupefied man could only reply: "I haven't got a parrot."

"Oh, haven't you? I thought you had," said Sandeman, and after writing a bit longer, got up and said: "Well, Malik, I haven't time to discuss your affairs to-day; all of you come again to-morrow."

The man went out, and was at once surrounded by the rest of the Jirga, who excitedly demanded to know what they had been talking about all this time? The poor man could only say: "Nothing: all he said was, could my parrot talk?"

On this, as was natural, the whole gathering broke out in execration of their faithless representative. "Do you think we are children, to be deceived by such a yarn as that? There you have been with the Sahib for an hour, and you tell us that all he said was, 'Does your parrot talk?' We know, of course, that you have been making excellent terms for yourself, and have sold the rest of us altogether!"

The Jirga then broke up in confusion, and in the course of the next few days individual sections came in, and Sandeman had no difficulty in making satisfactory terms with each of them.

Quite children in some ways: but they can turn very treacherous and bloody-minded in a flash. Good soldiers, excellent shots, and full of dash and spirit when all goes well; not always so reliable in a hard-pressed retirement.

The contrast between the fighting classes of the Indian Army is very great—indeed, extreme—as must necessarily be the case with men recruited over the whole of that immense country and beyond its borders, in Nepal and Afghanistan. Perhaps the main classes may be regarded as (1) Sikhs, (2) Muhammedans, (3) Rajputs, (4) Mahrattas, (5) Jats from Eastern Panjab, (6) Dogras from Panjab and Jammu, and (7) Gurkhas. All these belong respectively to religions as far apart as the Poles, and their languages and scripts are utterly different. Their outlook on life could not be more divergent; and we, the few people of the British race, are the cement which holds them together.

Muhammedans come from practically all over India; but for fighting purposes recruiting is largely confined to the Panjab, the N.W. Frontier and beyond. The Sikhs are almost all from the Panjab; Rajputs from Rajputana; the Mahrattas from the Bombay Presidency, and the Gurkhas all from Nepal (ex-India).

All represent races with whom we fought bitterly and strenuously, in years gone by. With the Mahrattas we came into conflict in the time of Warren Hastings, 1772-1785. Later, they were defeated by Sir Arthur Wellesley at Assaye, and the Mahratta confederacy was overthrown in 1818. The founder of their power was Sivaji, 1627-1680, and the confederacy consisted of the Peishwa or Prime Minister at Satara, Scindia of Gwalior, Holkar of Indore, Gaekwar of Baroda, Bhonsla of Berar, and in a minor capacity, the Maharaja of Kholapur.

With the Sikhs we had our hardest fighting in India, including the battles of Moodki, Sabraon, Ferozshah and Gujranwala, until their final defeat at Gujrat in 1849, after which the Panjab was annexed.

Although my father-in-law, Sir Benjamin Bromhead, did not arrive in India till after the Sikh wars, yet being in the Panjab in '59, he naturally heard much about those days. He told me (though he could not vouch for the details) that it was a fact that the terms imposed on the Sikhs included the giving up of the great diamond, the Koh-i-Noor (Mountain of Light) which had belonged to Maharaja Ranjit Singh. This was duly handed to John Lawrence, who placed it in his white waistcoat pocket, and then forgot all about it. The diamond which now holds first place in our Queen's crown was only rescued when Lawrence's waistcoat went to the wash!

With Muhammedans we naturally had many conflicts, as they formed parts of the fighting forces in nearly all Indian states. From the time of the Mogul Emperor Babar (1526), and the establishment of their rule in Delhi, they became more consolidated, and it was only after our capture of Delhi in 1857, during the Mutiny, that the Moguls virtually disappeared.

With the Gurkhas, too, we had considerable fighting along our N.E. Frontier in 1814-16, resulting in their final defeat in the Dun. Since those days, no soldiers in the Indian Army have been more valued than our ever-gallant and hard-fighting comrades from Nepal.

All classes have their own idiosyncrasies, their strong and weak points from the soldier's point of view; but all unite in their real loyalty to our King, the Emperor of India, and to the British Raj. Naturally, perhaps, attempts are constantly made to subvert them by discontented agitators; but God willing, the

Indian Army will ever possess British officers who have devoted their whole lives and affections to their men, and who in consequence have without doubt gained their complete confidence and devotion. As long as we retain this, I feel that the subjects of the British Empire may place full trust in the army of India.

I like to think of the devotion of my old father-in-law to the Sikhs whom he knew so very well, and by whom I think he was almost worshipped, for he had shown his courage and readiness to sacrifice himself for them during many years. And I am proud to know that my only son and a grandson are both in my old regiment of Bengal Lancers, originally known as the 1st Sikh Irregular Cavalry, now motorised. My family is now represented in its fifth generation of Indian soldiers.

CHAPTER XII

On Coming Home—South Africa—Australia—Life on a Sheep Farm—Clearing the Bush—Dangers of Bush Life—New Zealand—Singapore

DURING MY LONG YEARS OF SERVICE, I HAD COMPARATIVELY FEW opportunities of visiting England. Indeed, though I started with every expectation of returning after five years in India, I found that one thing after another kept me abroad for fourteen years. Even then, I came home for only one summer, at the end of which I had the good fortune to go to South Africa for the war which broke out there in 1899. So I feel that I cannot be classed among those "who only England know"; it might even seem fairer to say of one like me that I "know not England."

However, I can most unhesitatingly assert that long absence from England does not reduce by one iota the intense love which all we Britons have for these Isles, the home of so many great men, all with the same feeling of devotion to their country. This feeling need never prevent our having also a real affection for the countries in which we may have to spend many years of our lives. I can very well feel and say this of India, where so many of my days have been passed; some forty-seven years, in fact, during which I was able to spend only very few and short periods on leave in England.

But I had the good fortune to pass some years in other lands on active service—my first long break in this direction being the South African War, November, 1899, to June, 1902. And what a really fascinating and lovely country South Africa proved to be, with its sharply divided areas of High Veldt and Low Veldt! I only regretted not having time and opportunity to learn any of the native languages, for I always feel that without such knowledge one passes through a country not only like a deaf man, but often a blind one.

The African of the country (as opposed to the town man) of whom I came across many during months of riding over the veldt, often struck me as being not unlike the Panjabi peasant in the simplicity of his character and his willingness to trust the Sahib and place his troubles before him.

As a whole, South Africa certainly has one enormous advantage over India, and that is in its climate. The fringe of country round the coast is, of course, nearly always hot; but directly one gets on the large plateau which dominates such a large portion of the continent, one lives in a very good all-the-year-round climate, where Europeans can thrive in comfort and enjoy the most delightful open-air life, with miles and miles of country over which a good gallop is a real pleasure. What a contrast to Central Australia! There we have pure desert country stretching north, south, east and west, say from Alice Springs near the centre, and through which a north-south railway now connects Port Darwin with Adelaide. I hope I am right in saying this is now a *fait accompli*.

It is true that South Africa has its inhospitable Kalahari Desert, but this does not absorb the whole centre of the country, as is the case in Australia.

Though I came to know South Africa first of our great Dominions, I was destined afterwards to know Australia better. During the South African War, Lord Kitchener had constantly deputed me to keep in touch with all our mounted columns, to see that their requirements in men, horses and equipment were attended to without delay. Australia and New Zealand had naturally provided large quotas of mounted men, and with these I was not only in constant communication, but on terms of real comradeship and friendship. In 1914, therefore, when I was appointed to command the Australian and New Zealand Army

Corps, I was in the seventh heaven of delight; and this it was which resulted in my forming in due course of time such a feeling of attachment for the peoples of those countries.

During years spent on active service, and often at very close quarters with one's men, one does indeed get to know them well, and to find out their true values—what they stand for, and what reliance one can place on them in a tight corner or eventuality. I doubt if a commander was ever in closer touch with his men than I (of necessity and *faute de mieux*) was compelled to be, when at Anzac on the Gallipoli Peninsula. For months my front line was in places not more than a few hundred yards from, or right above, my own little dug-out. So we *had* to get to know one another!

It is indeed a reward when, as time goes on, one is able to realise that the feeling of mutual confidence and respect increases, as it certainly did on my part. Nowhere in the world would it have been possible to find better, braver or more forthcoming comrades than I was blessed with in the Australian and New Zealand Forces. Very few indeed had had any previous experience of soldiering. A few years before, in 1909-10, at the request of the Governments of Australia and New Zealand, Lord Kitchener had paid visits to those countries to advise regarding the organisation of their forces for any future eventualities, keeping in view the special point of how such forces could best be fitted into any great British Empire organisation, should the future demand a general mobilisation of the Empire. The very near future was to show how wise these precautions were, for Kitchener having made his recommendations to both Governments, steps were at once taken to put them in force, rapidly and with great efficiency, in the manner characteristic of the two countries.

The result was that in 1914 Australia and New Zealand were at once able to dispatch well-trained contingents from their respective countries, the former a complete division with all its ancillary troops, and the latter a very fine infantry and artillery brigade, and one of mounted rifles.

As time went on, these forces were to be greatly built up and increased, till the A.I.F. mustered five complete infantry divisions and five light horse brigades, while New Zealand put into the field a complete division with all ancillary services, and over a brigade of mounted infantry.

And what truly magnificent soldiers and hard fighters all those troops proved themselves to be! No commander could wish for better men or stauncher comrades; and they have remained such through these last thirty years. *How* time flies. I can hardly believe that three decades have passed since the day of our Anzac landing.

With the conclusion of the war in 1918, my wife and I were able to pay a visit to Australia and New Zealand; for ever since my command and close association with their troops had ended, I had longed to see something of my old comrades in their homes. Our desire was naturally increased by the fact that our elder girl had married a young Australian officer, Colin Craig, who came from Western Australia, where his life had been spent among the sheep. When war started in 1914, he came straight to England and joined the R.F.C. He was not long in becoming a most competent flying officer, for he was full of courage, enterprise and common sense, and had good mechanical knowledge. Unfortunately, he was not to have many opportunities of showing his skill, for he was brought down over the German lines, his engine being shot to pieces, though he was unhurt, except in his feelings. He was at once taken prisoner. He made several most determined attempts to escape, but was captured every time, and finally imprisoned in a fortress and put on bread and water. This in no way deterred him from starting another attempt, directly he was in a prisoner-of-war camp again, but the armistice came before he met with success.

We found our daughter very happily established in her Australian home and surroundings. Regarding this girl, when a tiny child with us in Dehra Dun, I remember an amusing episode. We had a dinner-party, and Nancy's bedroom was next the drawing-room. After dinner, a good lady helped to make the evening pleasant by singing. This woke the child, who sat up in bed and whispered to her ayah, in the perfect Hindustani which she then spoke: "Ayah, a jackal has got into the house!"

There, as in many parts of India, we used to hear the weird and penetrating chorus of the jackals nearly every night, around the garden.

The tiny child of those days has now for years been happily settled on a Western Australian sheep farm, leading a life which I feel any young person, especially a man, must envy. I should have

no hesitation in advising any young man to take up such work if he has any sort of qualification for it—namely, if he is possessed of guts and determination. Things may be hard at the start, when a young man who is known as a “jackaroo” or “rouse-about” must always be up very early, often spending long days in the saddle, and always ready to take on a job which means many hours of hard and often dirty work. Still, all this can be done, and the good man comes out on top. Probably many of us have heard of men who are now nearly millionaires, but who started with literally nothing. Certainly these are the few, while many may go under. Good health and determination to work are essential; and here the Australian climate does its best to help, in most parts of the country. And it is a good “best.”

The country seems full of characters. Seeing a man with his dog driving in the cows one evening, each cow being carefully and quietly shepherded into its proper stall, an onlooker remarked: “My, that’s a real useful dog you’ve got——” to get the reply: “Durned useless beast—suppose I’ve got to milk them cows now; he can’t do it!” This was a man who reminded one of *Punch’s* drawing at the end of the last war, of London lamp-posts inclined at an angle as the result of Australian soldiers leaning against them continually!

What I really enjoyed out there were the gallops over open country stretching continually for miles, and with no fear of trespassing. My son-in-law was fortunate in his land, for instead of being very flat, like many parts of Australia, his station (called Boraning), was on very pleasant undulating country, a series of low hills stretching over the property. On the top of one of these he had built his house, and perhaps the greatest asset is, that the little Williams River runs through the 1,800 acres, so that drought need hardly be dreaded.

Like most places in Australia which have not yet been fully developed, only portions of the land at Boraning have been cleared for grazing. The rest is virgin bush. I think our idea of the meaning of the word “bush” in this country hardly corresponds with its meaning in Australia. Here we think of Bush Country as actually covered with bushes, say 12 to 20 ft. high. In Australia the Bush is actually forest; forests of gum-trees of many different varieties. At Boraning there was no difficulty in riding through the Bush almost anywhere, thanks to the glades and tracks; and

one would often see the kangaroos sitting up on their powerful hind quarters and great tails, and then starting off in enormous bounds, clearing almost anything.

It was fun to gallop after them, but through the scrub they were always cleverer than one's horse. It was worth anything to have those gallops over country which almost everywhere was such excellent going. What a life for a carefree man, with a good horse between his knees!

Without much knowledge of "clearing," I think I may say I have always been a keen and zealous worker, if not a very good one, and in that country every man who can and will work is quite invaluable. I was therefore more than ready to take my coat off and start; first of all with cutting, then collecting all the felled stuff and burning. I was much gratified on leaving to find I had been instrumental in converting quite a large patch of land, formerly Bush, into grazing country, which looked lovely after the first rain.

Not that the Bush itself is not very fascinating, with those great, gaunt eucalyptus trees. But in Australia there is none of the delightful variety of foliage which we see in the English woods, with their oaks, beeches, chestnuts and firs, which are so superbly beautiful in spring and autumn, as we all know.

What appealed to me most in the Australian landscape was the same feature which I had always so much liked in South Africa—miles of great, open, rolling country, with herds of fine cattle in places, or immense flocks of sheep; probably as valuable as any sheep in the world. But if one is inclined to regard the prospect from a too enthusiastic or optimistic point of view, it is well to be reminded, and never to forget, what havoc may at any time be wrought by the climate. I say this, although one must regard the climate of Australia generally as being distinctly good, and certainly very healthy, much more so than that of India. In parts of India, and particularly in the north, the climate during the winter is magnificent; days of lovely bright weather and cold nights. But just where it is best in the winter, it can be quite horrible in the summer. Take some parts of the Panjab, where the temperature may often remain over 100° for days and nights together, without a breath of breeze, and the general outlook the colour of pea-soup!

There is nothing like that in Australia; but what that country does suffer from so far, and more dangerously than India, is the recurrence of most terrible droughts. A failure of the monsoon in India is, of course, very serious; but such a thing does not often occur, and with rail and canal development what they are now (the result, let us remember, of British enterprise and expenditure, both of life and treasure) the most severe famines can be dealt with without great loss of life. The last disaster of that kind was in Bengal, about two years ago, when not only did the local Government fail to make adequate arrangements beforehand, but an immense tidal wave swept up the coast, causing terrible loss of life and disruption of communications.

The Australian droughts seem to affect larger districts, and in a country where there is seldom a sufficient water supply, the losses—mostly in animal life—may be enormous. Not only cattle and sheep, but rabbits, will congregate by any water-hole or dam, and perish literally in millions. "Good business too," the inhabitants are inclined to say regarding rabbits, when realising the appalling amount of damage they can do, and the loss caused. But unfortunately, a few couples always seem to escape, and with the wonderful prolific powers of the species, it is not long before there are again hundreds of thousands in the neighbourhood.

Of course, such a drought means not only the burning up of pasturage and consequent loss of flocks and herds, but is almost necessarily accompanied by terrible Bush fires, which race through miles of forest at an almost incredible pace, driven by raging winds, and carrying destruction of perhaps many homesteads and human life as well.

Such are the dangers of Bush life. Dangers exist everywhere, so there is nothing for it but to take all reasonable precautions, and then think about the risk as little as possible.

What I thoroughly enjoyed when riding over the country with my son-in-law, was to watch the way his dogs worked. Right away in the far distance as viewed from our height when riding, he would spot two or three sheep which somehow had got separated from the flock, perhaps some time before. All he did was to call a dog, point the direction in which the wanderers were, and say: "Way over—way over there," and one would see the dog lay himself out and gallop for all he was worth over several rises and depressions, which would keep the sheep quite out of

sight for perhaps miles—but not out of mind. The dog would invariably find them, round them up and bring them back to the flock; with a look of pleasure, too, as having accomplished a good piece of work!

Can one not imagine the grief of the whole family when such a dog goes the way of all dogs, and all too soon has had his day. Poison put down for vermin and not sufficiently protected may often cause such loss; yet its use is necessary against that worst of pests—the dingo or wild dog. One of these is capable of destroying large numbers of sheep in a single day or night, and he is so cunning that he can only be destroyed by using the utmost caution. To lay out a piece of meat which has been touched by the human hand would be quite hopeless; effective gloves must be worn when dealing with any bait. It is very difficult to get sufficiently near the dingo for a shot.

Looking back on the months of my first visits to Australia and New Zealand, now twenty-five years ago, I feel that hardly any time of my life has been so happy; both my wife and I so deeply appreciated the great kindness and unlimited hospitality with which we were everywhere and always received. My only complaint was that the enthusiasm of my old comrades was so marked—even violent—that we often wondered whether we should not be killed by kindness. The “going” the whole time was so non-stop that there was little or no opportunity of taking a breather and getting one’s second wind. I was often told that it was a shame the way I was being hustled; but I never was able to see that those who said so were for giving me a quiet time while I was with them: that was to be done by those who remained for me to visit!

But when one realised the whole-heartedness of such receptions, one would be less than human not to have great feelings of thankfulness that Fate had sent us among such generous-hearted people.

And how hard the comparatively small population of those countries is being hit during the present war: perhaps not so much in loss of man-power as in the pouring out of revenue and treasure of all sorts; and this not only for the defence of Australia and New Zealand, but to help sustain the Empire. Our Old Country will, I am sure, never fail to realise the debt of gratitude she owes to these great British Dominions.

Before Japan came into the war, Australian and New Zealand

forces (which were at once mobilised in 1939), were destined to play an important part in the fighting in Europe, as they had done from 1915 to the end of the last war. But once the formidable Japanese threat had matured, it was essential that Australia should be able to hold her own homeland against a people who, it was known even in time of peace, had cast envious eyes on British Dominions and Colonies in the South Pacific. New Zealand felt she could still retain a division in Libya and Europe. An Australian Division was early sent to Singapore, at the request of the British Government, and it was hoped that the advent of this force would ensure our being able to hold that island.

However, it proved—and I think very few of us had previously realised the fact—that though millions had been spent on the defences of Singapore, they were devoted entirely to defence against attack by sea on the part of hostile fleets. No one had been more keen and enthusiastic than Australia about the necessity of defending Singapore; she well realised what a terrible menace it would be to her, should a Japanese fleet be based there. She therefore immediately agreed to send a division to Singapore, under the command of one of my old Anzac brigadiers, Bennett. It was indeed a black day when we heard that the whole garrison was taken, with the exception of some few, including Bennett, who were able to get away in the confusion of the Japanese final assaults.

But I have already mentioned the fall of Singapore, and the various causes which brought this about.

Singapore, was, of course, terribly handicapped by having, as I have said, practically no air force, and I always hoped to hear that such had been sent from India or Iraq, to be located on one of the large Dutch islands in those waters. However, I fully realise how dangerous and foolish it is to talk about such matters, unless one has considerable inside knowledge of the many pros and cons. I have no such knowledge.

And what is going to be the future of the Japanese people? They seem easily to beat the other countries of the world in the rate at which they can reproduce their population. Their own islands are hardly big enough for them even now; and surely we shall deprive Japan of all lands which she has filched from others—Korea, Formosa and the like—and hand back those countries to their own people, by whom they will be populated.

But necessarily, it will be dangerous to restrict a people who *must* expand in some direction, or starve. Perhaps parts of Manchuria might be suitable for them, though that would hardly be popular, either with Manchuria or with Japan. Does any country exist in which the Japanese would be welcome? We know the large numbers of them in Canada and the U.S.A. are not entirely beloved.

Since the fall of Singapore, Australian troops have fought over what, I imagine, must be some of the most difficult country in the world for military operations, first in New Guinea, and later in Bougainville Island and Borneo. In all, the troops were faced with dense tropical jungle, where no roads exist; in parts confronted by very high and steep mountains, sometimes precipitous; and to add to these difficulties, they were pestered by most horrible animal and insect life, ranging from dangerous snakes to clouds of mosquitoes. The latter trouble, however, was at once tackled by the medical staff, and with excellent results, fever being reduced by some 70 per cent.

But what an enemy the Jap is! I wonder, if their Emperor should give the order to surrender, whether it would be obeyed—or would hara-kiri be the order of the day? Personally I feel they would obey any order given by the "Son of Heaven"! I can think of no other nation in the world which has these strange attributes, though the Chinese and some of the Burmese are like them in having no fear of death, or even aversion to it. In only a very few natives of India have I come across these characteristics, except right up in the Himalayas, where there is in places a strong Buddhist influence, affecting people who are not Buddhist by religion.

CHAPTER XIII

Sidelights on India

ONE SOON GETS LOST IN ATTEMPTING TO FATHOM OR DISCUSS religions in India, of which there are many, expounded in some 200 languages. Over 60 per cent of the Indian population are Hindus by religion; some 20 per cent are Muhammedans, which perhaps gives a clue to the very technical and disturbing question of racial animosities and difficulties. Both religions have their followers scattered over the whole country. There is no ring-fence round, for instance, the great Sikh community in the Panjab; far less can one possibly exist or be placed round the Muhammedans who are scattered over every province, even though these form the majority in some five provinces.

But when thought runs back to my years in India, among a people to whom I became so devoted, especially of course to the Indian soldier, I realise what a great life that was, and I long to have it all over again. One small episode which I can never forget occurred when I was still a very young subaltern. It shows to some extent the feelings of comradeship which ran through all ranks of the Silladar Cavalry. Each regiment in that Service consisted, in my days, of nine British officers, with 625 Indian officers and men. Officers, men and horses formed just one large family, with common interests and common objects. This naturally involved much more than ordinary ties of regimental devotion. I was to have proof of this. I was out for some days in Central India with my squadron; the only British officer with it. We were marching very "light," practically with only what could be carried on the saddle, and sleeping in the open. One night it came on to rain, and to my surprise, when I woke in the morning, warm and dry, I found two or three men's cloaks had been laid over me. "You were our Sahib," I was told, "and it was our duty to look after you." I wondered whether there were many other military formations among the armies of the world, in which existed such a feeling of good will and self-sacrifice.

I think perhaps our happiest days in India were those when we were constantly on the move. I have already referred to the pleasure of marching with my regiment from Central India to the North-West Frontier. But my mind goes back to many other happy days of marching through the Himalayas, than which nothing can be more enjoyable, provided always that one is willing and strong enough to face constant steep climbs. The country is lovely. On one of my last treks, I took my younger daughter with me, and had a pony to see her through. She thoroughly enjoyed the long day of travel, and I encouraged her, instead of riding up the steep hills, to let her pony get ahead and then hang on to his tail, which gives one all the help one wants, and relieves the pony of one's weight. In three weeks we covered a distance of over 250 miles, including climbing up to 13,000 ft. over the mountains on the sides of the valley of the Sutlej in the Himalayas. A great part of these hills is covered with magnificent deodars, as well as walnut, chestnut and oak trees; a fine asset for the Forestry Department. As may be imagined, the getting of the timber logs from these heights down to a stream large enough to float them is an anxious business. I doubt if any country could beat this district in real grand beauty, and certainly no life of daily long marches in a superb climate could possibly tend to make and keep one more fit.

And how delightful those simple hill-folk are. They very seldom see Europeans, and their shy welcome is quite touching. The women were specially interested in my daughter, who was about the first English girl who had been through the Vaspa valley. I think what she least liked was having to cross rivers by rope bridges. These are made of tough creepers plaited together and strung across a river, often starting at a considerable height above the water, but sagging very much towards the centre, where you may nearly touch the current, and have considerable difficulty in climbing up to the other end of the bridge!

A very different tour was one when I paid a visit to Goa, which is seldom seen by any of the English folk. There are probably many who do not realise that both the French and Portuguese still have quite a few settlements in India, though none of any large extent. Of these, the biggest is Pondicherry, the French capital on the Coromandel coast, south of Madras, while Chandamagore, on the Hugli near Calcutta, and a few other

scattered places, may bring the area to the total figure of 200 square miles. Portugal with its chief town Goa, south of Bombay, also Daman and Diu Island, possesses altogether some 1,600 square miles.

Having had the Portuguese troops in France under my command for some time, and having been decorated by that Government with the Orders of the "Tower and Sword" and "Aviz," I felt a visit to one of their oldest colonies might be appreciated. This most entirely proved to be the case. We sailed from Bombay with Captain Edward Headlam of the R.I.M., in the *Lawrence*, and on arrival at Goa were met by the Governor, General Massano d'Amorin, a fine old Colonial soldier. I was interested to notice that the guard of honour kindly provided for me consisted of Muhammedans, Mahrattas and Indian Christians, of much the same quality as the men in some of our Bombay infantry regiments.

Old Goa has been abandoned as a residential city, owing to the terrible malaria which decimated the people. Panjim, a few miles off, is now the capital. In Old Goa we found many fine old buildings, mostly churches, now all empty. The most venerated is the cathedral of Bom Jesus, in which rests the body of St. Francis Xavier. The whole place was full of interest, and gave the impression of being a part of days long gone by, where Time has stood still, and of scenes revived as by accident and at uncertain intervals.

CHAPTER XIV

Postscriptum—The Home Guard—Reflections on the War—Hampton Court Palace

I KNOW THAT I AM ONLY ONE OF THE LARGE NUMBER OF OLD SOLDIERS—and old sailors too—who daily regret most deeply, with a longing which cannot be satisfied, that age prevents us from taking the place which has seemed so entirely natural for very many years, alongside old comrades, wherever there might be fighting, in any part of the world. At first it seemed impossible to get over this feeling; but it was no good fretting, and I found that quite the best thing to do was to throw oneself heart and soul into all doings and

interests of old soldiers, for we know time is relentless, and spares none; we have to bow to it and realise that this more than ever is a young man's war and we older ones—some like me—very much older ones—must make up our minds to sit back and be content to read and hear of the magnificent deeds and great bravery of the troops of our Empire nearly all over the world—such indeed really warms the hearts of every old soldier—and there is more than that which delights us—viz.: that at long last, our men are supplied with I think every possible modern device for which the soldier has so often longed—and that too in quantity—ample quantity. In days gone by there were often well-founded complaints that the Germans had many more and perhaps better aeroplanes—longer-ranging and more-mobile guns of every calibre, etc. That now is past history. The genius of our scientists, the determination of our Government—the really great self-sacrificing work put in by our factories of all sorts, scattered all over this old country and our Dominions, and often can I say “manned” by women—or is that Irish?—has just made all the difference, and our men can feel that they go into battle—not only not inferior—but superior in equipment; in fact, one can say, equipped now to match their superiority in courage and determination to achieve complete, and let us hope, early victory.

When we hear of artillery barrages on enemy positions lasting not four hours but through days and nights over a great area, we contrast in our minds, shall I say, wistfully and with feelings of regret and longing, when we think back and realise that there were days at Gallipoli when shortage of ammunition restricted us to two rounds per gun a day! Just think of it! Well may we rejoice at the good fortune of our present-day comrades and very heartily join in celebrating their complete victory, gained with casualties reduced to a minimum by the service of their guns and the quite wonderful fighting-power and magnificent results of the great bombings of the R.A.F.

For final victory confidence in their leaders is perhaps even more essential than weapons. And in our leaders we are fortunate. I need not speak of our Prime Minister who stands out by himself as one of the greatest leaders this old country has ever produced—daunted by nothing—ever ready to face and lead against any odds. I feel no words can adequately do justice to his great qualities, and what his presence, courage and activity of mind and body have

meant to the Empire. I feel sure too that he too will always gladly give full praise to his colleagues of "The Great Three," who have been settling the destinies of the world and doing so in such harmony. Stalin and Roosevelt too will surely go down in history as really outstanding figures in their respective countries. Russia and the United States can share with us the great feeling of satisfaction that when the fateful hour struck, their respective countries were able to produce two such outstanding men and leaders to steer their countries alongside of us to certain victory.

History will surely record Hitler's responsibilities for bringing these three nations together in complete and close alliance, and we can say with confidence Hitler is responsible for this. Being apparently confident that the Russia of to-day was the same as the Russia of Tannenberg, he felt he could attack her with impunity—rapidly march through Russia, and having defeated her, would ensure that all the oil of Baku, etc., would be at Germany's disposal.

I was privileged to move the address in reply to His Majesty's most gracious speech when he opened Parliament on 12th November, 1941, and feel I may here give just one short paragraph of what I then said about Winston Churchill: "And then in one of the darkest hours that have ever brooded over us, there sprang to leadership a statesman for whom history does not easily furnish a parallel. A man was to be matched with an opportunity—an opportunity so awful in its aspect, however grand may be its results, that one prays God its like may never occur. We were to be warned—a warning that still rings in our ears—that there must be no looking back and very little going aside to rest, that we must reserve nothing, and that Britain must strip herself to the bone and nerve herself to fight to the death. This we will do."

We can too, of course, feel sure that German machinations in Tokio were greatly responsible for Japan playing the utterly treacherous part she did in attacking Pearl Harbour in days of peace. The Japanese are not people of great initiative, but they are wonderful copiers—of good or evil—unfortunately all for evil in this case and most faithfully did they follow in the footsteps of their ally Germany in her treacherous actions, attacking as she did peaceful countries like Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Norway, without any sort of cause, but merely for her own aggrandisement.

How are we ever to make terms of peace with such people? It is, of course, easy to say—"We will dictate terms." But how can we ever count on such people carrying out any such terms as we may dictate, and which are accepted by them? We certainly cannot contemplate keeping an army of occupation in Germany for an indefinite number of long years. But we can feel sure she will only abide by her promised word as long as she realises she has no alternative, and the day she feels she is strong enough to take on the world, as she undoubtedly felt was the case in 1938, she will do so. The same may be said of Japan. I well remember in the East it was always said "The Chinaman's word is his bond—but it is the opposite with the Japanese."

Of our Army leaders, very great sympathy has been felt throughout the Army for Gort—a real brave, hard fighting, indomitable soldier. But could he—or indeed any of us have realised the utter state of inefficiency or defeatism of France? Our Army was very small in comparison to theirs. Some of the French Armies fought bravely, but the collapse and retreat of their main bodies left Gort's flanks exposed and he had no alternative but to fall back, keeping his forces together as much as was humanly possible to concentrate near Dunkirk, and then evacuate to England. Having myself had to carry out the evacuation of our forces from Gallipoli in 1915-16, I can fully sympathise with those responsible for the evacuation, though I had nothing to fear in the way of hostile aircraft. On both occasions, Almighty God vouchsafed to us weather on which all depended, and without fair weather, both evacuations might have been disastrous. At Dunkirk, it was fair throughout, but at Gallipoli, my last day was one of anxiety, with high rising seas, which broke all my piers, and even necessitated men being hauled through the waves with ropes round their bodies.

It was when Gort after seeing the greater part of his force embarked that the Government ordered him to withdraw and leave the final stage in Alexander's hands. We know how all were embarked without loss, and our gratitude to the British Navy and the very large number of private individuals who brought their boats of all sizes and descriptions across to the south-east coast can never be properly expressed.

Later on Alexander was again called on to carry out a still more difficult and very much longer evacuation of Burma. Only

those who know that country can realise the difficulties : a country covered with dense forest or rice fields—rail and road communications of a minimum, or almost non-existent, and transport scanty and almost unorganised. It seemed a great pity that the last battalions to be disembarked at Singapore were not deflected to Rangoon, for surely the local Commander at that stage—only a day or two before Singapore fell—should have been able to realise that with reinforcements he could hold out or, if he felt that in any case to be impossible, to have asked for them to be sent elsewhere. That, however, is another story. Alexander, with great difficulty, but with complete success, led his troops and a very large population of Indians (many of whom were of poor physique) right up from Rangoon through Upper Burma and across the N.E. frontier of India. The whole march must have been a nightmare, and I hope some day Alexander may be able to give us a detailed account of it, when security permits.

And after Burma we find Alexander commanding the troops in Egypt and Lybia, from the battle of El Alamein right across the whole of North Africa to Sicily and Italy, where in the mountainous part to the North, after heavy fighting against strong German forces, which he pressed back step by step, bringing the long campaign to a triumphant close with the surrender of over a million of the enemy's forces and the occupation of Trieste.

To my great regret I have never had the good fortune to meet another great soldier, Montgomery, whose name is a household word throughout the country, and who on every occasion has proved himself such a capable and great Commander. It is to me a matter of regret, that our Commanders in the more distant theatres of war are to all intents and purposes hardly known even by their names in this country. One of whom I can speak with confidence and real pleasure at his many and great successes, is Slim, who, for some time, commanded one of the battalions of a regiment of which I have the honour of being Colonel—the 6th Gurkhas—and what real gallant little men they are, whose characteristics take them to one's heart, directly you get to know them.

Can we not feel too that our great Allies of the United States and Russia are fortunate in their leaders and commanders? The names of Stalin and Roosevelt will go down in history coupled with that of our Prime Minister.

Many of the Russian Marshals have made very great names and reputations which will live for ever.

Our blood relations of the States have too fought with signal success, and the name of Eisenhower will be remembered with honour in the annals of his country—so too will MacArthur never be forgotten: his original defence of Manila till such became impossible: then his patiently worked-out and fought-out campaign from New Guinea back to Manila, and we may feel quite sure ere long on to Japan and the final defeat of that nation.

The recent success too of General Hodges with the 1st American Army on the Rhine has been spectacular. I cannot think that his original orders can have envisaged his being able to seize the bridge at Remagen intact, for its destruction must have seemed entirely inevitable, but in at once taking full advantage of the unexpected opportunity—a fleeting one—offered him, Hodges did indeed show military qualities of initiative, courage, resource and acceptance of responsibility of the highest order, such as we have come to expect of his countrymen—and his action may well lead to great results. Results in the almost unforeseeable future.

Attending many gatherings of Home Guards and British Legions as I do, I am frequently asked of the future—When will the war end? What will happen to us when it is over? Questions by no means easy to answer. I used to feel sure Germany would go on fighting certainly right into 1946—now it seems very doubtful if she can do so. This was written early in 1944.

Towards the end of the last war in 1918, I was commanding the 5th Army near Lille—we all then felt we would have to go on fighting for a long time, driving the Germans back right to Berlin. Then what happened? The British Navy had been altogether too much for the Germans—so many submarines—about the only craft the Germans could send to sea—were sunk, that German sailors refused to take them to sea and mutiny was started. That spirit quickly spread to the Army, and the people generally, and Germany's troops were scattered like chaff before the wind. Men ask me if the same may not happen now. I ask them to remember that in 1918 there was no Gestapo with ever watchful eyes all over the country. Now we know that very ruthless and, for Hitler, valuable force exists, and we may feel sure a force which will never for a moment hesitate to carry out its orders to destroy

any one who even murmurs the word "Peace." If we knew the truth, there are probably many men, and perhaps women, being shot daily. Still the destruction—or rather devastation—which is daily becoming more cumulative, can hardly fail to have dire effect, and collapse may come earlier than we dare anticipate, except in wishful longing.

And those little inhabitants of the not very large North Pacific Isles—the Japs—what of them? Undoubtedly very brave and fearless soldiers—perhaps almost alone in their definite determination, and I may say preference for death rather than confess defeat—so much so that many a man at once destroys himself rather than be taken prisoner. To die for their Emperor is their highest ambition, while death carries no fear. The final defeating of such a people must be really difficult, and may be prolonged. Still there are factors which must militate very strongly against them. They have nothing like the enormous resources Germany had for the manufacture of every description of weapons, war-like stores, etc. Their existing stocks must be nearly exhausted, and their comparatively few manufacturing towns are being destroyed. We know what quite wonderfully successful attacks the U.S. Navy is making throughout the Pacific—one island after another has been conquered and the garrisons literally wiped out—though strong garrisons in Rabaul, New Guinea, etc., have been by-passed to be dealt with, as is being very effectively done, by the Australians. Our successful advances through Burma to Lashio, followed by the capture of Rangoon, point to the complete elimination of the Japs from that country, and will lead to their extermination in Malaya, Singapore, Franco-China and Siam, and again, with U.S. Naval domination of all the China coasts, we can foresee Jap collapse there. But China is an immense country, the reconquest of which may take long. Perhaps the brightest light in that country is that it looks as if the great Chiang-kai-Shek may have at last succeeded in uniting his country, and if so, Chinese forces may be nearly doubled. But beyond China proper, there is Manchuria, over which the Japs have for long held complete sway—distances are enormous—communications difficult—we may be sure that Japanese armies, though entirely cut off from their homeland will find little difficulty in existing comfortably on the land they have overrun, for they will have no hesitation in seeing every Chinaman starve to death. Munitions and war-like stores

will, however, be difficult, and the end will eventually come. But what end? The elimination of the Japs from all old Chinese territory may well be only the beginning of a still more difficult phase. Japan is a small country, but apparently possesses the power of producing a very large and rapidly increasing population—population far larger than her islands can hold—where are the surplus, very large surplus after some years of peace, to live? China will surely take back all her old territory, including Port Arthur, Corea, Manchuria, etc. Politicians have a very hard nut before them to crack, in deciding this difficult question. We know that when the Japanese forces steamed south towards Australia, they had their eyes very definitely fixed on a land where they hoped they might find their “place in the sun.” Their repulse and definite defeat in those waters and in New Guinea has put a stop to that for ever.

With the defeat of these two great powerful enemies, we can say “We have won the war.” Can we not look back with great pride that under Churchill’s leadership, though we stood entirely alone, we were absolutely determined to do so, and defeat Germany by ourselves—the British Empire. It was Hitler’s miscalculation and ambition which brought us Russia and U.S.A. as our very welcome and determinedly whole-hearted allies.

And now it remains for us, the Allies, to win the Peace, and that is not going to be a bit too easy. We all remember the difficulties which faced us on the termination of the last great war, with unemployment. Indeed, such has ever been the case after all great wars throughout past centuries. We can, however, feel that the Government has realised the danger in good time, and is making every effort to avert food troubles and unemployment troubles. It is well, however, to face the fact that difficulties must be absolutely enormous. Take food. The Germans having consumed or removed practically all food supplies throughout every one of the countries they have overrun, and dire famine faces all. It will be up to us and the U.S.A. to do our utmost to prevent the deaths of millions by starvation. This, of course, means tightening our belts for a very considerable time to come. But has there really been much tightening so far? If so, I think we will agree results have been good, as the people of the country on the whole seem to be really fitter and stronger than before the war. It may well be that those who carried “adipose tissue”

have considerably reduced their waist lines, and if so to the great advantage of appearance and health.

But employment is a different matter. We know how ruthless the "call-up" has had to be. Many men who owned small businesses, perhaps recently started, had to leave them, and often with no one to whom they could hand over. Such businesses must be utterly gone, and owners have to start again from the beginning with so many years, from their point of view, wasted. Then there are the large number of young men who were about to embark on their careers, and now put back all these years to an age when a start is not nearly so easy. However, I believe our Government are really tackling these very serious national questions, and let us hope that, as men are discharged from the Services, openings will be found for them in many parts of the country and emigration to our great Dominions in all of which men and women of good sturdy stock are still wanted. In every one of them good hard-working men and women will find they can fully depend on "making good." I personally never failed to place these difficulties very clearly before Home Guards and British Legions, and leave them in no doubt, but that as old servants of the State, it is the bounden duty for every man to do anything that may be in his power to give a real helping hand—even if it may be only in the manner of advice to those who are demobilised—so, pray God, may we win the Peace as decisively as our ever very gallant comrades all over the world have won the war.

During the seven years I was at Cambridge, I had been President of the British Legion for the county, visiting almost weekly one village centre after another, on a Saturday or Sunday. Thus, I had been able to keep in touch with old soldiers, and watch their feelings and outlook on life. With the war came the Home Guards, in which were enrolled naturally a high proportion of old soldiers, and I was always glad to transfer my activities to them, and attend their meetings in the West Country, whither we moved when Deal Castle was half destroyed.

The people of Britain may well remember the Home Guard with real gratitude for many years to come. When it was first raised, there was no doubt enthusiasm, but that tended to die down, and the Home Guard was taken for granted. What many failed to realise was that these men, most of them advanced in years, immediately came out, voluntarily and without pay, and

constituted themselves as one of the largest (if not the largest) unpaid armies in history. We may well say with pride: "Well done, old soldiers and sailors. Your willing sacrifice has meant more to the country than can be put into words, and you will be held up as examples to old soldiers for generations to come."

The pressing need for the Home Guards having disappeared to a great extent, the next matter of vital importance to the country—of an urgency greater than ever before existed—was to pay for the war. To raise funds, one activity after another was started, coupled with the Services, the Navy, Army and Air Force. The Ministry of Information asked me to inaugurate that for the Army in Trafalgar Square, under the title of "Salute the Soldier." Unfortunately I was already engaged two-deep to perform the ceremony in other places, filling up the entire day. Later on, I visited many cities to give a hand in their efforts, though when I heard what results had everywhere been obtained, I fully realised that no urging on my part was required to spur the great generosity of the people of this country.

I have already mentioned the results obtained at places like Westminster, Peebles, Stoke-on-Trent, and also at Plymouth, where I was able to tell them that my grandfather's grandfather had been Mayor in 1795 and his son had raised and commanded the first body of Volunteers in this country in 1805 to repel Napoleon's threatened invasion of England.

HAMPTON COURT PALACE

After the destruction of a considerable part of Deal Castle in 1939, the King very graciously gave me quarters in Hampton Court Palace, which I knew only by occasional visits, the last one being in 1937, when I deputised for the Duke of Connaught in inspecting the Indian contingent which had come over for the coronation of King George VI. On that occasion I never dreamt for a moment that I should one day occupy quarters in the old Palace! Indeed, it would have been most unlikely, for, as is well known, these

quarters are as a rule granted only to the widows of soldiers, sailors, airmen and civilians whose husbands have done long and good service to the State. The idea of dwelling there never entered my head, and when an old friend wrote suggesting that I should apply for quarters, I absolutely refused. My friend, however, who was a very old Hampton resident, wrote to the Lord Chamberlain making the suggestion, only to be told that the quarters were reserved for widows. He replied that during his forty years of residence in the neighbourhood, Lord Wolseley had occupied an apartment in the Palace for over twelve years. This being realised, I was informed that, as it happened, the rooms occupied by Wolseley were vacant, and the King had graciously said he would be happy if I would accept them. Not only did we find a suite of spacious and beautiful rooms, but I felt it a signal honour to be occupying the former residence of our greatest soldier in modern times—for such indeed Wolseley was, and I always regret that this is not more generally recognised.

The old Duke of Cambridge, who dearly loved the British soldier, had been Commander-in-Chief for many years, and—though he probably would not agree to this—I think there can be no doubt that he really disliked changes and innovations, as such. The old regular drill, the high-collared uniform and the accuracy of parade movements were all dear to him. Wolseley had early recognised that the British Army was getting out of date, and much was needed, nay, essential, to bring it in line with the latest Prussian standards and equipment. It was uphill work; but Wolseley steadily persevered, and in spite of much opposition, he was generally able to get his own way. Finally, he succeeded the old Duke as Commander-in-Chief.

It is sad to reflect that the opportunity to give full effect to his plans came almost too late, for his great brain was no longer what it had been, though he did, as a matter of fact, achieve much for the benefit of the modern Army. By the time he came to Hampton Court Palace in 1903 (when Roberts arrived from South Africa to take over as the last C.-in-C. before the introduction of the Army Council), his memory was going badly, and when walking out he had to be accompanied, as he could not be relied on to find his way home, or even remember where he was living! A sad end for a very great soldier; but we may hope he did not realise his condition.

As I say, I was proud to be the first soldier to follow him. We found that his widow had turned the ground floor of one of the small turret rooms into a minute oratory, as a memorial of him. The Field-Marshal's coat of arms, insignia of rank, and all his battle honours, were beautifully reproduced by a good artist on the walls and ceiling. Curiously enough, the arms are the same as those of great Cardinal Wolsey. The centre of the shield in both cases is occupied by an animal described heraldically as a lion, but looking much more like a dog!

The Cardinal had acquired the land on which his new palace was to be built in 1514, from the Knights of the Hospital of St. John. With characteristic energy, he at once started building what must originally have been a quadrilateral palace, surrounded by a deep moat. Here he gave really royal entertainments; in fact, it would seem that the regal character of these may well have been one of the causes of his downfall from the favour of his King. The actual number of his personal retainers seems to have exceeded five hundred, and included members of the first families in England, besides high Church dignitaries. He had his own Master of the Horse, and a very large stable, which in those days had to include mules for his own processional riding.

When a great French Embassy arrived in this country, the Cardinal was apparently foolish enough to allow it to come and pay its respects and duties to him, before presenting them to the King. Such an embassy, in those days, may have consisted of any number, up to five hundred souls, accompanied by the same number of horses for escort duties, and all to be entertained by my Lord Cardinal. It is true that the grooms and their fellows expected no more than a place in the straw with their cloaks for a pillow by way of lodging; yet even for them the English fare was proverbially good, and for the higher ranks, gold plate was on the tables, with the costliest fare of the day. The expenditure was enormous.

Talking about the retinues of the Cardinal and the Ambassador reminds one, as I have mentioned in *Khaki and Gown*, that the same lavishness is to this day displayed by some of the great Princes in the Indian States, such as the Maharaja of Jodhpur, who told me he took with him 200 officers and 300 cavalry for his marriage ceremony at Udaipur.

Wolsey was evidently able to meet the vast expense involved by this way of living, for in addition to being a Cardinal, he was also Lord Chancellor, Archbishop of York, Grand Almoner, Bishop of Tournai in France, Bishop of Durham until he exchanged that see for Winchester, and Bishop of St. Albans, Hereford, Bath and Worcester! Undoubtedly he received the emoluments from all these "pluralities," and he must have needed them all, to maintain such royal state.

It would therefore be only natural that his ostentatious manner of living should in time react very markedly on such a king as Henry VIII. Instead of being a close personal friend, and walking as he had done with his arm round the Cardinal's neck Henry began to show disfavour. The Cardinal was too shrewd not to recognise this, and he knew the little habit which the monarch had of dealing summarily with those who incurred his displeasure. Consequently, when Henry taxed him with building a palace too magnificent for a subject, and asked his reason, the Cardinal was ready with his reply: he had built it as a present for the King! Thereby he probably saved his neck, for the King replied in effect: "Thank you; that will suit me well, and I will take over to-morrow the Palace and all it contains!"

Henry then proceeded to add to the original structure a great wing on either side of the main entrance, filling up the moat to provide space for the additions. It is the southern wing thus erected which I have the good fortune to occupy for the time. Since the Cardinal's days, this wing has acquired to itself a tame and very peaceful ghost. Queen Jane Seymour, who followed the unfortunate Anne Boleyn as Henry's third wife, presented him in 1537 with a son, later to become Edward VI., born apparently in these (then) new rooms. The child was brought up there by his foster-mother, Mrs. Sibell Penn, and it is her ghost which is said to wander harmlessly through our rooms; though to our regret, none of us have yet met her. This may perhaps be accounted for by the fact that for preference she appears to ladies who are about to become mothers!

We naturally feel that we are very fortunate to have been granted these rooms, and not the least of the advantage is, that a historic palace such as Hampton Court is of very general interest, not only to people in England, but even more so to our cousins from the Dominions and Colonies. All these seem really to appreciate

coming here to see us, and being shown round the State apartments and beautiful gardens. I have already said how thoroughly the parties of Indian soldiers (whom we get here whenever they are available) enjoy all we can show and tell them. How greatly one regrets that one cannot do much more for those gallant comrades—or, as I suppose I should now say, sons of my gallant comrades!

Throughout this war and from many fronts—from all, indeed—I have had letters, both from the Indian officers and men themselves, and from officers of nearly all ranks who have served with me, either in close touch, in the same Brigade or Division, or in the same Army. The letters from the men have invariably expressed their content and happiness in their service, and the British officers with them; while letters from large numbers of senior officers, many of whom had little or no experience of the Indian soldier on active service, have equally extolled not only the men's courage, but their cheerfulness, good discipline, and willingness on every occasion to go beyond their duty in giving a helping hand. There are many such small opportunities which do crop up on service, and which, alas! not everybody will seize.

Such words, when read at home, make one more than ever regret being no longer with them.

God bless them all, and see them through to final and complete victory in the near future, in Asia as in Europe.

I presume it may have been Hitler who designed the "Swastika" as the badge of the German Democratic Republic of the future. I wonder if he was fully aware of the significance of this symbol, or rather the very varied aspects attributed to the right-handed and left-handed swastika's. In the East from whence the symbol originates the right-handed swastika represents the sun of the upper world in his diurnal course from East to West; and of the day, and summer, and light and life and glory. On the other hand, the left-handed swastika is the symbol of Kali, the Indian Mania—the sun of the underworld in his nocturnal course from West "to the fiery portal of the East," and of night and winter and darkness, death and destruction.

From all German actions now for many years past there can be no doubt whatever but that it is the left-handed swastika which

IN MY TIME

must have been deliberately adopted by that country. I have placed the right-handed "swastika" correctly shown in red facing the title page of this book as is often done by Hindus, while the left-handed "swastika" in madder blue, the conventional Hindu coloration of the west, faces the last page. According to the ritualism of India, red and blue represent the East and West respectively.

THE END

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